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Gone to Sleep.

The light is fading out,
Baby dear, baby dear,
My arms are round thee close,
Do not fear.
Within our pretty room
Shadows creep, shadows creep,
Love watches over thee:
Go to sleep.

When darkness covers us,
Love makes light, love makes light,
God's arms are round us close,
In the night.
The night will often fade,
And shadows creep, shadows creep;
Love always watches thee:
Go to sleep.

Rose Leaves.

We stood beside the sleeping bay;
She held my gift-rose in her hand;
It was the last sweet trysting day,
And then, ho! for a strange, far land.
She plucked each tender leaf apart,
And each leaf told its tale to me—
Each leaf a hope torn from my heart;
The leaves fell fluttering by the sea.

And oft in far-off lands I thought
Of one that never could be mine;
Who must be loved, but be unsought—
'Twas hard to love and not repine.
Those rose leaves withered on the sand,
But other roses bloom for thee;
O lost love in the distant land,
O rose leaves withered by the sea!

HOW RICH RAN AWAY.

Rich was curled up on the lounge in the sitting-room, reading a new book. Just such a book it was as fourteen-year-old boys generally take to, in which the hero invariably runs away from cruel task-masters—starting in life with a jump from a four-story window—all his worldly possessions tied up in a little bundle and slung upon his back. Then he goes "a-sailoring," and hair-breadth escapes follow closely on the heels of exciting adventures, just as I've seen the big waves tumble and break upon the shores, rolling in one after another, during a heavy gale.

Well, as I said before, Rich was reading just such a book—his eyes sparkling—his breath coming quicker as he scanned some unusually exciting passage. He had reached the point where his hero, having fallen into the hands of pirates, was about being walked over the side of the vessel on a narrow plank, when Mr. Thorne came in.

"Rich, I shall expect you to do the chores to-night." The lad addressed looked up with a very black face.

"Why, father, I did them yesterday. It's Will's turn."

"Will has something else to attend to, and even if he hadn't—you know I'm accustomed to having my children mind what I say to them."

"But—"

"I want no arguments, Rich. Go and do your work, and then you will enjoy your reading all the more."

Rich scowled and settled back to his book again.

"I'll go," he grumbled, "just as soon—"

"Richard!" Rich knew what that meant—trouble ahead in the form of a horsewhip or a birch withe, if he did not obey. So he got up and laid his book on the mantel, scowling all the while. It certainly did seem a very awkward predicament in which to leave his hero—perched on a plank above the "boiling waves"—his hands fastened behind him, and multitudinous sharks below, snapping their sharp, white fangs in anticipation of a feast, but Rich couldn't help himself very well, so he contented himself with setting his teeth together hard, wrinkling his forehead up into great big scowls, and glowering like a wild animal, all the time he was putting on his cap and mittens—which took him an unaccountably long while.

Rich had a big bunch of obstinacy under the shock of tow-colored hair which adorned his pate; even after he had got his ears muffled up to suit himself, having taken off and put on his scarf half a dozen times before he arrived at that culmination, he walked to the window and stood looking out into the fading light of the cold, November sunset, until his father spoke again. Then he started.

Will was in the kitchen whittling away at something by the fire. He was a real mechanic, his father said. When he heard Rich coming, he thrust his knife and work out of sight, and fell to whistling unconcernedly, leaning his chin on his hands.

The sight roused Rich's ire. He got the milk-pail and marched through the kitchen with a face blacker than a thunder cloud—neither looking to the right nor left. Will laughed, when the door shut with a "slam-bang!" very much as if a heavy gust of wind had closed it. The laugh was nothing—a very good-natured laugh it was, indeed, but master Rich heard it.

"S'pose he thinks he's got nothing to do but set there before the fire and giggle!" that young man muttered fiercely. "Father'll make me do his work and that'll be all hunky. Like's not he's afraid his pet'll soil his hands. Bah!" and Rich gave the barn door a kick, which, in his heart, he might have aimed at his brother. "Wonder if he thinks I'm going to do his work for him all winter? Not if I know myself, I ain't," he went on, taking the milking-stool from its wooden peg, "he'll find himself mightily mistaken if that's his game. I can run away just like Jack Mainsel did," and Rich paused for a moment as if to consider the idea. "I—really—believe I—will," he said slowly, his eyes like two moons, "I'll go this very night!" nodding sagaciously to Brindle. And Brindle didn't offer the least objection.

When once the idea of running away had found its way into the web of Rich's imaginings, it grew and grew until he wondered why in the world he hadn't thought of it before. He seemed to hear his father calling him in the morning, and he thought how conscience-stricken that gentleman would feel when he should discover that his son was gone—driven from home by his cruelty. This presented another question. Should he he, or should he not, leave a note informing his distressed family whither he had fled? Decided in the negative. They might follow him and likely enough catch him. Not that they cared anything for him, but they would bring him back to do the chores; anything but that! Rich struck a "death before dishonor" attitude, with the pail of milk in one hand and the stool in the other, which might have delighted Edwin Forrest.

Then he pictured himself coming home, laden with the spoils of the sea in the shape of gold eagles. Whether he intended to turn pirate or not I cannot say. At all events, he was fully resolved on running away that night.

The chores were done at last; the two great boxes piled high with wood, and rich was warming his numbed fingers before the blazing fire, when his father said:

"Richard, you have done nicely. Now I want you to make up your mind to do as well all the week, without asking any questions."

Rich didn't answer, but his thoughts ran something like this:

"All right, sir. If I'm here I'll do Will's work for him all winter. I think you won't find me in the morning, Mr. Thorne."

And then he took his book, and that hero proceeded to get himself out of the hands of the pirates by a series of turns and twists, and haps and mishaps; doubtless all perfectly comprehended and religiously believed by Rich, but which sets my head in a whirl even to think of.

Somehow, the book was not so interesting as before, and when he had seen Jack Mainsel safely stowed away in a hammock, swung on board a vessel bound for the North Pole, he laid it down with a yawn.

"Where's Will?"

"He went over to stay with Charlie Case to-night," Mr. Thorne answered.

"Yes," Rich thought, indignantly, "he can go off galivanting, and I have to stay at home and do the work." Yet on the whole he wasn't sorry, for Will was his bedfellow, and hadn't he been wondering how he should get away from him? Truly the fates were propitious.

It was hardly eight o'clock when Rich got up and walked to the fire, stretching and opening his mouth wide ever so many times. Very poor imitations those "sleepy symptoms" were, too. Then he took a candle from the mantel and marched out into the hall and up stairs without a word.

He didn't go to bed, oh, no. In the first place he took his new satchel—his father's gift—down from its nail on the wall, and proceeded to "pack up" such things as he thought he might want on the voyage—he was to be a sailor, you know. I wish you could have seen him. The thermometer on the back porch said—six degrees below zero, and when Rich had been up stairs five minutes, his teeth were chattering like a magpie's, if you know how that is. And the "necessaries" he put into that satchel! First was his "loudest" necktie—I must beg of you not to smile—that necktie, a combination of yellow and purple silk, was the delight of Rich's existence. I fancy he would have left his head behind sooner than it—then a silver pin his uncle had given him—a pair of white cotton gloves, which he had worn to Sunday school in the summer—thirty-five cents in cash—"Arabian Nights," his last Christmas present—his go-to-meeting suit, and a bottle of liniment which happened to be on the table. That was all.

Then he waited, I think he was just a little nervous—frightened—whatever you may call it. The wind blew fearfully, shaking the house, Rich thought, as though a giant had laid his two strong hands on the ridge-pole and rocked the building as a woman would a cradle. The blinds rattled and the windows shook. Altogether it wasn't a very pleasant night for Rich's experience in running away.

It seemed such a long time before the welcome sound of the andiron, scraping over the brick hearth as Mr. Thorne prepared to "rake up" the fires reached his ears, but in a little while, all was still. Rich grasped his satchel. Now was his time.

He might have gone down stairs and out of the front door in the orthodox fashion, without detection. But no; that wouldn't do. Jack got out of a window on to a shed, and out of the window on to a shed he must get. He tugged away at the stubborn sash until his hands were scraped and his fingers blue and cold, when he suddenly recollected that he hadn't pressed the spring. Somebody said something that savored strongly of brimstone, as the window slid up.

Goodness! how the wind blew. It made him gasp and catch his breath and gasp again. He got out on the shed without much difficulty, and managed to stand very well by holding fast to the window-sill, but how was he to get down? The roof was steep, and owing to a recent sleety rain, very slippery. He soon found he could not regulate the movements of both his satchel and himself, so he let the former "slide."

Bump! It struck the ground below with a queer, dull little crash, and Rich immediately bethought himself of the liniment.

"There. I clear forgot that greasy stuff!" he ejaculated. "It'll spoil my necktie, sure, if it gets on to it, and my suit, too. I'll have to go down myself and see to it—" as if going down was the simplest thing in the world to do—"likes not they'll have to all be taken out."

Rich let go of the windqw.

"Ea-sy, now—e-a-s-y!"

But it was quite too late to be "easy now!" Rich went rolling, bumping clattering, pitching, tumbling down the icy incline, clutching at the rough boards for dear life.

It seemed to him the frozen ground flew up to meet him. Something struck his arm a heavy blow. He groped around for his satchel, but he couldn't find it. His head felt cold and dull, and when he put his hand up to it something dripped down his fingers. Everything began to swim about him, blending into a mass of blackness. Then he fainted.

* * * * * *

Freeze? No indeed, although I'm not quite sure but he deserved to. When he came to himself, he was lying on the lounge in the sitting-room. His arm pained him dreadfully. The doctor was there—and his father looking very grave. His mother had been crying. Rich wondered what for, but somehow he didn't feel like asking questions, so he shut his eyes and turned his face to the wall.

For two long months Rich kept his bed. First with brain fever from the cut in his head, and then till the broken arm should knit. During the latter part of the time, you may be sure he had abundant leisure for reflection. One day when he could just sit up, Will brought in a new sled.

"There, Rich. That's what I was making for your birthday present the week you—you—tumbled off the shed."

And Rich turned toward the wall again. He didn't care to look any one in the face just then. What was the reason I wonder?

Not a word was said to Rich about that little tumble. His father thought he had been punished quite enough. But when he got down stairs and out of doors he took it upon himself to do the "chores" for a year as a "peace-work," he said.

Now, the year is more than up but still he brings wood and water without a grumble, and Katy, the maid of all work, often says, "It's real wonderful w'at a power o' good that broken arm o' yeur'n did do, Rich."

But I don't think Rich quite agrees with her.

Make the Home Happy.

It is practicable to make home so delightful that children shall have no disposition to wander from it or prefer any other place. It is possible to make it so attractive that it shall not only firmly hold its own loved ones, but shall draw others into its cheerful circle. Let the house, all day long, be the scene of pleasant looks, pleasant words, kind and affectionate acts. Let the table be the happy meeting-place of a merry group, and not a dull board, where a silent if not a sullen company of animals come to feed. Let the meal be the time when a cheerful laugh is heard and good things are said. Let the sitting-room at evening be the place where a smiling company settle themselves to books or games till the round of good-night kisses is in order. Let there be some music in the household—music not kept like silks and satins to show to company, but music in which father and mother and brother and sister join. Let your companions be welcomed and made for the time part of the group, so that daughters shall not deem it necessary to seek the obscurity of the back parlors with intimate friends, or to drive father and mother to distant apartments. In a word, let the house be surrounded by an air of cozy and cheerful good will; then children need not be exhorted to love it—you will not be able to tempt them away from it.

The Temperance Crusade.

A Campaign Begun in Philadelphia---Several Saloons Visited.

The temperance crusade has begun in Philadelphia. In closing an address to a temperance meeting, Mrs. French, the leader of the women, called for volunteers to accompany her upon a visit to the saloons in the vicinity. This unexpected turn of affairs fell like a thunder-clap upon the audience, a report says, but, after the astonishment had in some degree subsided, about fifty women arose from their seats and expressed their willingness to join her in the crusade. The utmost excitement prevailed at this action, but not in the least deterred, Mrs. French walked down the aisle and was joined by the women who had enlisted for the warfare. The band then marched down Susquehanna avenue about two squares and stopped in front of a notorious saloon at Fifth street, kept by a woman. By this time, however, the news of the novel movement had spread like a whirlwind throughout the whole neighborhood, and a crowd composed of many hundred people collected around the praying band. Included in it were many roughs and disreputable characters, who jeered and blasphemed the women, and several parties threw snowballs into the ranks of the crusaders, one of which struck Mrs. French. Not in the least demoralized or discouraged, the band assembled around the door of the saloon and sang a hymn, after which several earnest prayers were made, and the leader took the opportunity to say a few words about the ravages of strong drink.

The scene inside the saloon, while he beseigers stood upon the pavement in the front, was one of excitement and confusion. The proprietress, who had no intention of succumbing to the crusaders, was put to her wits' end for an expedient to baffle them. After the band had continued their exercises about half an hour without any success, the shutters and doors of the saloon were closed, and the women abandoned the situation and moved down the street, singing as they went. They were followed by the rabble, who hooted at them, mingling their shouts with curses and cries of derision.

Several saloons were visited, but upon the approach of the praying band, were promptly closed. At the lager-beer saloon of a German, who keeps a boarding-house in connection with his saloon, the women wanted to enter the bar room to sing and pray, but the proprietor, who was very indignant at the whole proceeding, refused to allow them to do so, assigning as a reason that so much noise would disturb his boarders. Mrs. French inquired if he sold liquor, and he said he did. She then talked with him, and appealed to him to abandon his trade, and so eloquently did she appeal to him that he was melted to tears, and declared that he would do so. As no pledge was offered to him, he did not sign any promise, but expressed his determination to quit the business.

This was the first victory gained by the band, and so elated were they that the air rang with their shouts and songs. The band proceeded up Susquehanna avenue to a beer saloon at the corner of Susquehanna avenue and Thomson street. The crowd at this point was very great, and the excitement growing every moment stronger. Mrs. French, from the steps to the private door of the saloon, delivered a strong temperance speech, exhorting the crowd to discontinue the disorderly proceedings, and her band to carry on their exercises. At this point a number of men came out of the soloon and denounced the women in strong terms, and finally the proprietor himself appealed to a policeman who stood upon the opposite corner to clear them away, but this he refused to do, stating as his reason that he had no authority. One of the bystanders said to the keeper that the ladies could enter his place and he could not oppose them, and to this he angrily exclaimed, "Then I shall shoot them." This action somewhat dampened the spirits of the ladies, and it was concluded that it would be best to adjourn the crusade until next day.

The band then went back to the church and reported the result of the invasion. The audience received the report with great enthusiasm, and it was decided to continue the campaign.

The Fate of a Poetess.

The following anecdote was current in London about 1845: Miss L. E. L—, a well-known poetess, had a silly and tyrannical mother. How difficult to believe that when the country was ringing with praises of the young lady's poem the amiable authoress was dragged by the hair of the head by her mother to a garret, and there kept two days locked up, fed upon bread and water. Yet of this fact there can be no doubt. The tyranny of her mother obliged Miss L—— to go to live in a boarding school, where it was that a distressing scandal overtook her. A quiet home, under protection of a judicious and kind parent, would have saved her from this evil, the blight of her life. Miss L—— educated a brother for the church. Of £300, which she received for a popular novel, £200 pounds were spent at once in paying debts foolishly contracted by this young man to enable him to go to a curacy in the country. He had not been six months in office when he was arrested for a debt of £72 for a fashionable fowling-piece. Miss L—— paid the debt, and expended some money besides in relieving him from the consequences of this folly; and all that she obtained of the proceeds of the novel for her own gratification was fifteen shillings spent on a muslin dress and a few ribbons. Finally the young lady, amiable and beautiful as she was gifted, married, removed to a foreign country, where, after suffering from the neglect and cruelty of her husband, she was murdered by a woman who had formerly been his mistress.

Indigestion.

A deal of indigestion comes from brain-fag. The brain is a secreter of nervous power, and vitalizes the whole body. In the sensitive stomach fruits and vegetables together do not agree—vegetables being antagonistic. At this season especially, do not eat when you are not hungry. Dyspeptics, perhaps, without exception, do now and then gormandize. Lightly pound your stomach three times a day. Our meals should be holiday hours—reunions.

Fat is a lower formation than muscle. First brain, second muscle, third fat. Never be so fat that you cannot run up a flight of stairs or hasten a block or two without being out of breath. Nations living largely on potatoes deteriorate in brain.

There are two kinds of dyspepsia, mucous and nervous. Fat persons have mucous dyspepsia, and lean persons nervous dyspepsia. From the ranks of our mucous dyspeptics we get our apopletics and our paralytics; and from our nervous dyspeptics we have our lunatics. If you eat too much vinegar, an artificial acid, you will not have white teeth. It acts on the enamel. The natural acids are from the fruits—apples, lemons, currants, etc.

The Tichborne Case.

A Sketch of the Hero of the Great English Sensation.

The conviction and sentence of the Tichborne claimant for perjury to fourteen years' penal servitude, will give interest to a summary of the marvelous facts in connection with the case. The circumstances may be briefly stated as follows:

Sir Roger Tichborne's mother was married August 1, 1827. Her son, Roger, was born at Paris on January 5, 1829. Educated principally abroad, he went into the army, where he was first a cornet and afterwards a lieutenant in the Sixth Dragoon Guards. He retired from the regiment in 1853, and in the same year took passage on board a ship bound for Valparaiso. Letters came to his mother up to April, 1854. In that year news arrived that he had taken passage at Rio in April, in the ship Bella for New York. The Bella was never heard from, save that one boat belonging to her was picked up at sea with no one on board.

In 1858—four years after—a sailor presented himself at Tichborne Park, and asked to see the lady of the manor. He told her that another boat from the Bella had been found at sea and taken into Melbourne, on board which boat her son Roger was, and he was now living in Melbourne. The most of Roger's family were wholly incredulous as to the story of the sailor, but his mother caused advertisements to be inserted in Australian papers and inquiries to be made, as the result of which in 1866, eight years thereafter, she received a letter from the claimant, saying he was her son Roger, was anxious to see her again, and asked for money to return. Money was sent him, and in January, 1867, by the way of Panama and New York, he arrived in Paris. At an interview with Sir Roger's mother, the claimant succeeded in convincing her that he was the long lost Roger. Strengthened by this recognition, he determined to commence an action to recover the Tichborne estate. Four years were spent in getting up testimony and making preparations, and at last in 1871 the trial of the case began—the longest trial in the legal history of England. The opening and summing up of the various counsel took about a month each.

The jury sat the greater part of a year, when, on March 6, 1872, having expressed their opinion that further testimony was needless, the counsel of the claimant consented to be non-suited. On the same day the claimant, who called himself Sir Roger Tichborne, but who is called by others Arthur Orton and De Castro, was arrested for perjury by a bench warrant. Confined for a short time in Newgate, he subsequently found bail, and on April 23, 1873, the criminal trial commenced. It has lasted nearly a year. The testimony as to the identity of the prisoner has been wonderful. Witnesses were brought from all parts of the world, who swore with equal positiveness, now that he was the real Sir Roger, now that he was Arthur Orton or Thomas Castro. At last, however, an end has been reached, and the prisoner convicted. The trials from first to last are estimated to have cost both sides and the Government something like £500,000 sterling.

Anecdotes About Dogs.

A dog belonging to a gentleman who lived near Chester was in the habit of not only going to church, but remaining quietly in the pew during service, whether the master was there or not. One Sunday the dam at the head of the lake in the neighborhood gave way, so that the whole road was inundated. The congregation, in consequence, consisted of a few who came from some cottages close by, but nobody attended from the great house. The clergyman stated that, while reading the psalms, he saw his friend, the dog, come slowly up the aisle, dripping with wet, having swum to get to church. He went as usual into the pew, and remained to the end of the service.

A man in Paris, being desirous of getting rid of his dog, took it along with him in a boat, and, rowing out into the River Seine, threw it overboard. The poor animal repeatedly struggled to regain the boat, but was as often beaten off, till at length, in his attempts to baffle the efforts of the dog, the man upset the boat and fell into the water. No sooner, however, did the generous animal see his master struggling in the stream than he forsook the boat and held him above water till assistance arrived, and thus saved his life. Was not this dog morally superior to his owner in thus returning good for evil?

Two powerful dogs were often seen on the pier at Donaghadee, Ireland. One was a Newfoundland and the other a mastiff. They were both powerful dogs, and though each was good natured when left alone, they were very much in the habit of fighting when they met. One day they had a fierce battle and both fell into the sea, and as the pier was long and steep they had no means of escape but by swimmin g considerable distance. Each began to make for the land as best he could. The Newfoundland, being an excellent swimmer, very speedily gained the pier, on which he stood shaking himself, but at the same time watching the motions of his late enemy, who, being no swimmer, was struggling exhausted in the water, and just about to sink. In dashed the Newfoundland dog, took the other gently by the collar, kept his head above water, and brought him safely on shore. There was a peculiar kind of recognition between the two animals; they never fought again; they were always together; and when the Newfoundland dog had been accidentally killed on the railway, the other languished, and evidently lamented for a long time.—*Christian Leader.*

Faith.

A party of us were in a stage-coach among the mountains, when the horses seem unmanageable. The driver both shouted and coaxed. We were very frightened. Some screamed; some cried; others tried to jump out; and all were pale with fright—all but one little girl, who sat quietly by her mother's side in the general hubbub.

"Don't cry, mother, don't cry," she said, patting her mother's cheek. "If we upset we shall fall into God's arms."

Who of us would not have given anything for the sweet trust of this darling child? Perhaps it saved us. The horses became quieted down, and we reached home in safety.

A Good Example.

A large number of ladies recently held a meeting at Dresden—and other cities have followed the example—wherein the housewives pledged their faith to each other that they would not purchase certain marketable articles at more than a fixed price. They would not pay more than thirty cents for a pound of butter, or more than twenty cents for a pound of beefsteak; and having made these resolutions, they advertised for public proposals to furnish those and other articles at the prices fixed by them. The movement is making considerable headway, and the fathers of families are rejoicing.

Choosing a Wife.

In Madame Kibrizli-Mehemet-Pasha's book on harem life, we find an amusing example of the mode in which wives are obtained among the Turks. It appears that a general with the somewhat formidable name of Gneuzluklu-Rechid-Pasha, knowing the experience that Madame K. had acquired in the world, commissioned her to choose him a wife, who was to have "a slender figure, a spiritual physiognomy, and black hair." "I at once began the campaign," says the lady, "and having put on my handsomest attire, I sallied forth upon a round of visits to all the families of a rank equal to that of the General. The custom is as follows: You present yourself at the door of a house where there is a young lady of marriageable age residing. 'What do you want, madame?' 'I wish to see your daughter.' Thereupon follows an introduction to the saloon, and you are invited to take a seat upon the divan, until the young lady completes her toilet. Presently she comes forth clad in her richest robes, salutes you with her handkerchief, seats herself, with eyes cast down, on a seat placed purposely for her. Some coffee is then brought in a small silver cup, which is supped very slowly, as the young lady always disappears the moment the cup is empty. Presently one of her relatives approaches you and asks what you think of her. Naturally, nothing is said but eulogies of the young lady, whereupon they enumerate to you her dresses and her jewels, stating also the value of her dowry. Care must be taken not to believe too much of all this, for very often the relatives say they will give much more than they can or will give, and, though they break their word in this respect, the daughter or son-in-law have no resource against them.

"I assured the family that I would give a faithful account to those who had sent me; and I did in fact make a report every evening to my husband, who transmitted it to the General. The latter, however, showed himself very difficult to please. Sometimes he found that the girl had too many relations, or that she was too tall, or too old; sometimes the fortune was not sufficient. For twenty days I ceased not to visit the dwellings of all the ulemas, ministers, and high dignitaries in general. Tired at length of making so many fruitless inquiries, I resolved to accept the first that came to hand thereafter. She proved to be a tall, robust girl, with regular features, but her hair and eyebrows were red. Gueuzlukllu, it will be remembered, wanted quite the contrary. I, however, offered her the bonquet, enriched with diamonds, which his Excellency intrusted to me for presentation to the lady who was to be chosen.

"I took her to my own house, but was careful not to whisper a word about red hair. At my request a clever Greek dyed her locks a deep black, as also her eyelashes and eyebrows. This, contrasting with the natural delicacy of her skin, produced a very agreeable effect. In spite of these precautions, however, I felt a little terror, for the General threatened to send her home on the morrow after the wedding if she was not to his taste, and give vent to his anger not only upon my husband, but upon myself. However, the next day he thanked me for the choice I had made, and his affection for his wife became so strong that he would never take a second."

Eggs by Weight.

The Legislature of Massachusetts has lately passed a law making it necessary that a dozen eggs weigh one and a half pounds. This is a move in the right direction, and we hope that all the other States may speedily follow the good example set by Massachusetts. It is annoying to the breeder of blooded and fine fowls to find, when he offers for sale eggs nearly twice as large as his neighbors that they bring no more per dozen than do the smaller ones. Also, the consumer is often vexed to find that he must pay the same price to-day for a dozen eggs weighing but a pound that he yesterday paid for a dozen weighing a pound and a half. Besides, an egg from a well fed fowl is heavier and richer than an egg from a common fowl that is only half fed, so weight compared to size is a combination of richness. Thus, eggs of which eight will weigh a pound are better and richer than those of comparatively the same size of which ten are required for a pound. Of course, with eggs at three or four cents a dozen—and the writer of this has seen hundreds of dozens sold at these figures—it is not much matter as to the size; but when the prices range from twenty-five to sixty cents per dozen, it is a matter worth looking after. It is high time that this old style of selling and buying poultry and eggs by the piece should be discontinued. It is a relic of the past, and reminds us of the times when dressed hogs sold for $1 each, without regard to size or condition, and were a dull sale at that. Insist upon it, then, you who raise poultry for the market; insist upon it, then, you who have to buy eggs for consumption; insist upon it, all ye rich and poor, high and low, that eggs be sold for so much a pound. Then it will be some inducement for farmers to raise a better class of fowls, and all will get their just dues. Then the enterprising breeder and poultry fancier will receive the reward of his efforts to furnish a market fowl of good size and of such a degree of fatness that it shall be eatable, and the breeder of poor, half-starved specimens will no longer be his successful rival.—*Flint (Mich.) Globe.*

Increase of Crime.

A correspondent at Berlin draws attention to the great increase of crime in that city. A list of these crimes, many of them being murder, committed during the months of November and December, has been published. None of the victims are rich, and most of them belong to the poorest class. Thus, a workman was murdered for twenty thalers; a widow for a small sum of money which she had about her; a cigar merchant was stabbed for 800 thalers, and so on. Some of these crimes, too, were committed in broad daylight. They are not the work of practiced hands, but of an ignorant, brutal class, demoralized by war and military life, and driven by misery to adopt murder as a profession. The police, meanwhile, appear to do nothing to protect the public. Some half dozen of these murders have been committed during the last two months, but only in one case has the murderer been discovered.

BRUSH YOUR TEETH.—The causes of the decay of the teeth are two—acids and a minute fungus, abundantly found in the mouth. All acids, both vegetable and mineral, act promptly on the teeth by dissolving the fenamel and by softening the dentine. Sour fruits and vinegar salads are likely to injure the teeth, unless the mouth is carefully washed out after eating them. The little parasite fungus can only be removed by alkaline mixtures. Soap is one of the best dentifrices. It appears that the parasites grow and multiply very rapidly, and especially between the teeth. It would be advisable for those who wish to preserve good teeth to carefully use the toothpick, and scrub the teeth with soap and water after every meal, or at least twice a day.

The Crusade in Columbus, Ohio.

Two Hundred Women Marching in Procession to the Principal Drinking Saloons---Praying and Singing in the Barrooms.

The sensation of the day and the general topic of conversation are in all circles, says a Columbus, Ohio, letter, is the beginning of the active temperance crusade by the ladies. Prayer meetings are held at 10 o'clock A. M. and 2 P. M., to pray for strength to begin the work. At three o'clock about two hundred ladies left the prayer meeting and marched to the American Hotel, headed by the Chief of Police and one patrolman to keep the streets open, leaving the church filled with people to pray for those who went out to work. The bells of three churches were tolled during the time the procession was moving. At the American Hotel the proprietor signed the dealer's pledge. The proprietor of the bar refused to sign. In the meantime a large crowd assembled in front of the hotel.

The procession then moved to Mr. West's billiard room, completely filling it. Three ladies interviewed Sam West, the proprietor, who welcomed them as a gentleman would his guests. He refused to sign the pledge, but said he would willingly sell out and promise to never again engage in such business. When asked if he was not sorry he was in such a business, West said he was just now particularly sorry. He said he had no objection to the ladies praying or singing in his place. A fervent prayer was offered and a hymn sung, after which the ladies thanked him for his courtesy and withdrew, shaking his hand and promising to pray for him. As the procession was passing out several men made themselves prominent by offering to treat and calling for beer, but the colored barkeeper pretended not to hear them.

The next place visited was the most fashionable drinking place in the city, known as Ambrose's. The ladies' parlors were taken possession of, when Mr. A. Stevenson, one of the proprietors of the place, appeared, and when asked if he objected to a prayer being offered, no doubt supposing the women had come to sing and pray until he surrendered, said he did not want his business interfered with, as his parlors were in use constantly by regular boarders. He did not want any disturbance. Prayer was then offered, and on the way out Mr. Stevenson was begged to give up the business of liquor selling. His attention was called to the fact that he had children growing up, who were in danger as well as the children of other citizens; but he answered that he had a living to make for his family, and did not want to be forced into giving a final answer as to what he should do. He would, however, consider the question. Most of the ladies shook hands with him and showered prayers and good words on his head.

The Neil house was then visited. Stephen Danthert, the clerk, informed them that Mr. Failing, the proprietor of the house, could not be seen, as he was watching at the bedside of a dying brother, Henry Failing, and also that the bar of the house had been closed for four days. He said he did not object to having prayer offered. Prayer was offered and a hymn sung. A beautiful and feeling prayer was also offered for Henry Failing, the dying man. The stairways and office were filled with spectators, and as the ladies knelt in prayer all hats were removed and perfect respect shown. The pledge was handed around, but obtained only a few signatures.

The procession then passed to the main grocery, but the proprietor was absent. One clerk signed the dealer's pledge. The next place visited was Wm. Taylor's store. Taylor was absent, and the clerks refused to sign the pledge, but one would consider the matter. At every place the ladies visited they were treated courteously, and promised to call again.

The procession then returned to the church, where they were heartily welcomed and congratulated. Letters were read from C. A. Wagner, proprietor of a prominent restaurant, saying he had stopped selling liquor. A letter was also read from Mr. Say, a brewer, saying he would never brew another keg of liquor. The ladies expressed themselves as greatly encouraged, and will renew the warfare. The talk and progress were utterly devoid of any harsh words, and abounded in kindly expressions for all engaged in the liquor traffic.

Postal Suggestions.

Monthly magazines, published weekly, must be charged letter postage when delivered daily. Powder magazines, except to regular subscribers, are not permitted to frank their reports.

If no stamp is affixed to a letter, retain it. If, however, the postage is overpaid, letter rip!

If you have any doubt about a paper going with a one-cent stamp, have two sent.

Seeds can go through the mails as merchandise. The postmasters are cautioned against any old seeds to go through the mails, however.

Signs cannot be sent without paying letter postage, three cents on every letter.

Calico prints, any foreign prince, reprints, and footprints, all go as printed matter, and pay tax accordingly. Vaccine matter must be properly (pock) marked.

Poetry in various stages, including the Edgar A. Poe stage, must be sent postpaid, whether it ever paid to read it or not.

A postmaster is not permitted to make any material change in the site of his post-office without affixing a two-cent for every two ounces. He can charge double postage for a sight of the postmaster.

Shirts may be mailed at the rate of two cents for every ounce of shirt. If the owner's name is on the shirt, letter postage must be charged. This rule is indelible.

A subscriber residing in the county in which a paper is printed can take the paper, provided he pays in advance, and urges his neighbors to subscribe. If he does not live in the county in which he resides, and the paper is not printed in the same county where it has its presswork done, then the county must pay double postage on the man—we mean a two-cent county must be affixed to every postage. Editors of papers and their families should be allowed to pass free in the mails.

CHEWED TOO MUCH TOBACCO.—In the British medical naval report just issued, a fatal case of poisoning by tobacco is mentioned. A boy on the *Implacable* had frequently been reproved for chewing tobacco, and on several occasions swallowed pieces to prevent detection. On the night of his death he was heard breathing stertorously, and efforts to arouse him being vain, he was taken to the sick bay. His pupils were insensible to the light, and his pulse beat feebly. He died in two or three minutes after. Two small pieces of tobacco were found in his stomach.

It is said that this will be a tough spring. We must have a tough spring once in a while or we would run short of a certain grade of spring chickens.

Pine Woods Stories.

Looking a Bear out of Countenance---Two Wolves Running Down a Deer.

Mr. Selden E. Turner, of Grand Rapids, Mich., relates the the following incident that occurred on his late visit to the pine woods:

On the 6th of January, in town 12 N., 7 W., in Montcalm county, he saw numerous bear tracks. On the 7th inst., in town 11 N., 6 W., which is the township of Day, he was returning to his boarding place, very much wearied after a hard days's tramp, when he came to a snarl of fallen trees which the late winds had thrown across his track. He climbed upon the body of one of the prostrate pines, and as he was about to leap down a heavy, guttural growl saluted his ears. Looking in the direction of the sound he was surprised to behold a huge brown bear standing erect upon his hind feet and facing him. He was as tall as a man. He remained in that attitude some time, growling, whining, gnashing his teeth, and challenging him to combat. Mr. Turner had no weapon with him, not even his favorite hatchet. Seeing the threatening attitude of the bear, and realizing his defenseless condition, his first impulse was to turn and run. But on second thoughts he concluded that would be useless if the bear should choose to follow him, so he decided to try the experiment of standing and "looking him out of countenance." The bear was very angry at being thus interviewed, but after eyeing his interviewer for some time, he turned his head, looked backward, then dropped down upon his feet and cantered away. The interview lasted about five minutes, but Mr. Turner says it seemed to him much longer. He had doubts for some time what the bear intended "to do about it," and he left it entirely to the bear to have his own way. At any rate he felt a sensible relief at seeing the savage monster disappear in the woods.

On Friday, Jan. 16, on Section Eight, in Maple Valley township, Mr. Turner met with another adventure, not quite so dangerous to him, but from its nature quite as interesting. He was going west on a ridge of land covered with pine, when he saw a large deer bounding along with his tongue out, and running in the same direction he was traveling. Pretty soon he heard a yelp, and saw a large gray wolf upon his track. In a moment more another wolf appeared upon the scene between him and the first, and running in a line parallel with it. The deer took a turn to the north and northeast around the ridge, keeping in the valley all the time. After he turned the second wolf, which was not at first upon the track, but was acting as a flanking party by a line across, struck the track of the deer thirty rods or so ahead of his companion, coming in about fifteen rods behind the deer. When he struck the track he announced it by a single yelp. Then the first wolf abandoned the track, and turned himself into a flanking party on the left of the chase, while the second wolf continued on the track of the worried deer. The deer finally faced about, taking a turn around a swamp, making to the north, then west, south, and east again, until the first wolf, which all this time kept his eye on the main chance, by coming across, struck the track ahead of his comrade. He in turn announced it by a single yelp, when the other left the track again and resolved himself into a flanking party. In this manner they continued the pursuit of their prey, and disappeared from his view. How the affair terminated is not known. They were all running with tongues out as if they had been long on the chase. Doubtless the wolves worried down and devoured their game.

The Heataen Chinee.

Dr. Dod Grile (Ambrose Bierce) has published a book, from which the following Californian anecdote is taken:

One day in '49 an honest miner up in Calaveras county bit himself with a small snake of the garter variety, and either as a possible antidote, or with the determination to enjoy the chief remnant of a lost life, applied a brimming jug of whisky to his lips and kept it there until, like a repleted leech, it fell off. The man fell off likewise. The next day, while the body lay in state upon a pine slab, and the bereaved partner of the deceased was unbending in a game of seven-up with a friendly Chinaman, the game was interrupted by a familiar noise which seemed to proceed from the jaws of the corpse.

"I say—Jim!"

"Bereaved partner" played the king of spades, claimed "high," and then looking over his shoulders at the melancholy remains, replied:

"Well, what is it Dave? I'm busy."

"I say, Jim!" re peated the corpse in the same measured tone.

With a look of intense annoyance, and muttering something about "people that could never stop dead more'n a minute," the bereaved partner stood over the body with his cards in his hand.

"Jim," continued the mighty dead, "how far's this thing gone?"

"I've paid the Chinaman two dollars and fifty cents to dig the grave," responded the bereaved.

"Did he strike anything?"

The Chinaman looked up.

"Me strikee pay dirt; me no bury dead 'Melican man in 'em grave; me keep 'em claim."

The corpse sat up erect.

"Jim, get my revolver and chase that pig-tail off. Jump his sepulchre and tax his camp five dollars each for prospectin' on the public domain. These Mongoylun hordes hez got to be put under. And I say, Jim! ef any more serpents come foolin' round here, drive 'em off. Taint right to be bitin' a feller when whisky's two dollars a gallon. Darn all foreigners, anyhow!"

The Young Children.

It is worse than folly, says an exchange, to send children to school before they have developed reasoning faculties. To the infant of four years, school is a prison, the teacher a dread being whose frown is death, and whose smile and kindly notice is overpowering. Therefore, children ought not to go to school until six years old. They should not learn at home during that time any more than the alphabet, religious teachings excepted. They should be fed with plain, substantial food, at regular intervals of not less than four hours. They should not be allowed to eat anything within two hours of bed time. They should sleep in separate beds, on hair mattresses, without caps, feet first well warmed by the fire or rubbed until perfectly dry; extra covering on the lower limbs, but little on the body. They should be compelled to be out of doors for the greater part of the day, from after breakfast until half an hour before sunset, unless in damp, raw weather, when they should never be allowed to go outside the door. Never limit a healthy child; it is cruel, unjust, and dangerous. What you have to do, do it at once, and have done with it. Never speak harshly or angrily, but mildly, kindly, and, when needed, firmly—no more. By all means arrange it so that the last words between you and your children at bed time, especially the younger ones, shall be words of unmixed affection.

A Curious Case.

The Story of a Man who Tried to Burn a Village.

The recent trial, conviction, and sentence of William A. Stone to imprisonment for life, for the moment revives public interest in the incendiary fire which well-nigh ruined the residents of the village of Can

THE CENTRE REPORTER,

FRED. KURTZ.....Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., Mar. 26, 1874.

TERMS.—$2 per year, in advance, 2,50 when not paid in advance.
Advertisements 20c per line for three insertions, and for 6 and 12 months by special contract.

The prospect for the repeal of the local option law does not seem any bright for this session.

If any of our Centre county rads wishes to hear a negro congressmen, hear's a chance now. The Lewistown Gazette, 18th, says: Rev. Richard R. Cain, one of the distinguished colored members of Congress from South Carolina, will be in attendance on Sunday next at the laying of the corner stone of the A. M. E. Church. On Monday evening he will lecture in the court house for the benefit of the church. Admission 25 cents—children 15 cents.

The death of Charles Sumner has thrown Massachusetts into a ferment, and her political kettle is boiling high as to who shall fill Mr. Sumner's chair in the U. S. Senate.

The old Bay state has always been represented in the Senate by her ablest men, statesmen who gained a world-wide reputation, Henry Wilson may be an exception. Whether the successor of Charles Sumner will be a mere politician or a gentleman who will be do credit to that commonwealth, for eminent ability and enlarged views, is a tale that will shortly be told. There is some inferior material striving for the vacancy and with such to carry off the prize, Massachusetts will nestle in one of the lower bunks in the councils of the nation. There is one name mentioned, thus far, in this connection, whose election would do credit to that state—that is Charles Francis Adams. But the lower strata of the politicians, the men of Butler's like, do not think of supporting a man like Mr. Adams.

The democrats are too weak to elect a man out of their own ranks—they probably will make a strait nomination and vote for it, yet they prefer Mr. Adams to any other republican spoken of, as he may be classed as a liberal. Should the democrats conclude to vote for Mr. Adams it is supposed he would have republican friends enough to be elected.

In any event, it is a radical fight, and the democrats have nothing to hope for at best, and may give themselves little concern as to which of the factions whips, and will be content to make their own caucus nomination and stand by it.

The subject of compulsory education is just now attracting considerable attention in various states of the Union, including our own state. Bills have been introduced in the legislatures favoring compulsory education. Parents under these, would be compelled to send their children between a certain age, to school a certain number of months each year.

We imagine this subject will be agitated until each state adopts laws providing for compulsory education, as the subject is attracting more and more attention each year. It is a fact that many children are totally neglected by their parents as regards a common school education, even where parents find no use for them and permit them to run at large, while the public schools are in operation. In such cases we believe it the duty of the state to step in and see that such criminal negligence is provided against—the public good and the protection of society demand it, and further, it is a duty which the state owes to every child where its natural parent comes short in providing for its proper education.

Statistics show that our prisons and alms-houses are peopled mostly by ignorant and uneducated beings, who follow crime and a life of beggary because they lack in training and culture to follow any honorable pursuit.

The Finances.

Congress is still haunted by the financial muddle, but thinks it has reached the end of it. We think not—and time will prove it. There is more woe in store before this radical monster ceases to plague the country and congres in particular.

The senate committee on finance held a special meeting on 2, at which a compromise financial measure was agreed upon, to be reported to the senate on 25. It will in its main feature place the amount of greenback circulation at $382,000,000, thus legalizing the reserve of that portion of the $45,000,000 of legal tender reserve which is now outstanding and making it a part of the permanent circulation. The amount that has been reissued and which is now outstanding is something ever $26,000,000. The bill will also authorize free banking on the national banking system but will contain a requirement that legal tender notes shall be retired from circulation proportionately as new national bank notes are issued.

Harrisburg, March 16.—Hon Henry McCormick, Speaker of the House of Representatives, has been appointed United States District Attorney of Western Pennsylvania, made vacant by the death of H. Bucher Swope. This will require the election of a Speaker as Mr. McCormick has resigned, to take effect as soon as his successor is elected.

Yes, but since that, Senator John Scott has changed his mind, and another has been appointed. This spoiled several calculations for the supposed vacant speakership. David Reed, a Pittsburg lawyer has received the appointment.

Seward, Chase, Greeley, Sumner, the founders of the Republican party, all stood aloof from it and the corruptionists who control it before they passed to their final account.

Suspension of Cambria Iron Works.

On Monday all the workmen of the Cambria Iron Works at Johnstown were thrown out of employment, work having been suspended in all the shops. The consternation and distress amongst the 3,000 operatives, in consequence, can hardly be imagined.

There are two reasons given for the suspension in street talk. One is that the miners were demanding higher wages, and threatened to strike, whereupon the General Manager resolved to forestall their action by stopping the works entirely. The other is, that the company have not had an order upon their books for some time past, and that they have been keeping their mill in operation and piling up iron at a positive loss to themselves; hence have concluded to stop for a while.

These things are continually happening—it should not be thus under radical rule.

What are Election Expenses

The bill "to define the necessary and proper expenses incidental to the nomination and election of Senators, Representatives, State judicial and county officers," came up and was passed finally. It provides "that no person who shall hereafter be a candidate for the nomination or election to the Senate or House of Representatives, or to any office of the judiciary, or to any State or county office in the Commonwealth, shall be allowed to pay or contribute, either directly or indirectly, any money or other valuable thing, or knowingly allow it to be done by others for him, either for the nomination election or appointment, except for his tickets, and distributing the same for publishing his card, for printing circulars, and for circulating the same."

The second section makes it a misdemeanor to violate the foregoing provisions, punishable by a fine of not more than five hundred dollars, "and imprisonment by separate or solitary confinement at labor not exceeding two years."

The third section follows the language of the Constitution, and declares that any person who shall refuse to take this oath shall forfeit his office, and if convicted of swearing falsely shall be guilty of perjury, and punished by fine and imprisonment not to exceed five years, and "be forever disqualified from holding any office of trust or profit in this Commonwealth."

The fourth section provides that in trials under this act "no person shall be permitted to withhold his testimony upon the ground that it may criminate himself or subject him to public infamy, but such testimony shall not afterwards be used against him in any judicial proceedings except for perjury in giving such testimony."

Regular and Irregular Physicians.

There is pending before the legislature a bill to regulate the practice of medicine in this state. The measure, if passed, is to take effect June 1, and provides that after that date it shall be unlawful for any person to practice medicine who has not graduated with the degree of "doctor of medicine," and received a diploma from a chartered medical school authorized to grant medical diplomas. An exception is, however made in the case of persons who have been for twelve years in continual regular practice, though they may not have thus graduated. To prevent interference with regular practitioners, there is an additional provision that any person who attempts to practice medicine in any county by opening a transient office, or who by advertisement assigns such transient office as a meeting place for patients, must first furnish satisfactory evidence to the clerk of the court of the county that he has graduated as aforesaid, and must in addition take out a license for one year, paying for it a fee of $200. Regular physicians and surgeons beginning practice in any county, "with the intention of remaining permanently therein," are exempted from compliance with this portion of the act. The penalty for a violation of the law, if it is passed, is a fine of $200 to $500, or imprisonment not exceeding six months, or both at the discretion of the court.

The practice of mixing politics and prayer now in vogue with persons employed as chaplains to legislative bodies is perhaps a pardonable impertinence, but it has its ridiculous aspects. Last week, anent the appointment of Mr. M'Cormick as district attorney, the chaplain of the house made smooth with supplication the pathway of "the retiring speaker," and did not forget the coming man. It was perhaps well enough. But in the light of later knowledge, how will Senator Scott settle with this unhappy chaplain, or he with heaven, for this a priori invocation?—*Patriot.*

When the bill "to punish the use of fraudulent tax receipts" was under consideration in the house Mr. Orvis of Centre, moved to so amend it that when a voter was challenged on the ground that his tax receipt was fraudulent, the officers of election who received his vote, without additional proof of the payment of the tax, should be guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction should be fined and imprisoned. This proposition, solely intended to prevent fraud, and only dangerous to parties wilfully disregarding their duty with intent to assist in the commission of a fraud, was voted down by a party vote—only one republican having the manliness to resist the party lash an act upon his honest convictions. We call the attention of all men who desire a pure ballot box to this damning record.

Cameron's Hope.

Gen. Cameron's darling hope and cherished purpose for the last six years has been to arrange such a condition of Republican politics and secure such a composition of the Legislature as would enable him at a proper period to elect his oldest son J. D. Cameron, to the United States Senate.

The Iowa Legislature has enacted a law against baggage smashers. The penalty for recklessly injuring baggage is a fine of not less than fifty dollars, nor more than one hundred, and imprisonment not exceeding thirty days.

The Cincinnati Enquirer reports; "The whisky war in Ohio is damaging the whisky trade of Cincinnati about $20,000 per day."

Mr. Forbes, of Boston, said: "We propose to keep the Republican party of Massachusetts where John A. Andrew left it," To which the Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle and Sentinel: "Poor Forbes! The latest indications are that the Republican party of Massachusetts has gone where John A. Andrew went to."

The Massachusetts Senator.

GENERAL BUTLER MARSHALLING HIS FORCES—THE REPUBLICANS DIVIDED—ATTITUDE OF THE DEMOCRATS AND INDEPENDENTS—THE ADAMS MOVEMENT GAINING STRENGTH.

[Special despatch to the World.]

Boston, March 18.—The Senatorial succession is now the absorbing topic of discussion in the Legislature, General Butler is here organizing his plans to capture the Senatorship either in person or by proxy, the proxy being Representative Dawes, who buried the hatchet at the time Simmons was appointed Collector. Butler came to Boston more for the purpose of manipulating the Senatorship than he did to shed tears over the grave of the dead champion of human rights. Mr. Dawes's friends, as well as the henchmen of General Butler, are here in force, and the Custom-house influence is already felt. Collector Simmons, scenting the battle afar off, found it convenient to make only a few changes in the Custom house when he took possession, and will, at the bidding of his chief, suffer no more changes to be made until after the termination of the Senatorial contest for obvious reasons. Butler's headquarters are at the Revere House, within a few minutes' walk of the State House, and also near the famous feeding shop of J. B. Smith, where doubtful legislators are wont to be imprisoned and their stomachs stuffed in the hope of getting possession of their brains. An other view of the matter is suggested that by the pushing of Judge Hoar for the position, in view of the positive strength of Mr. Dawes among the members west of Worcester, the anti-Butler element may be demoralized and give Butler a new advantage. It is admitted at the State-house to-day that the issue between Messrs. Hoar and Dawes is favorable to Butler; that the "Essex statesman" is using Dawes in the capacity of a vender of hot chestnuts. The contest then is seemingly narrowed down to Hoar and Dawes. A canvass of the Legislature shows that Butler has a strong influence—much stronger than his enemies were willing to credit him with when the Senatorial question was first broached. There are probably seventy five or eighty decided Butlerites in the Legislature, and there is no knowing how many more there will be, for the purpose of the Senatorial election, on Tuesday next.

A strong effort will be made to avoid calling a formal caucus, which would bind the votes of the members attending it, and even if one should be called it is intimated that not even one-half the Republicans will attend it. The prime object of the great claimant is to precipitate the choice of a successor into the hands of a minority, and then manipulate sufficient votes of the majority with which to accomplish his purpose. But in this Butler reckons without his host. The Independents Liberals, and Democrats, particularly the latter, who are going to hold a private meeting, are decidedly opposed to playing second fiddle to General Butler, and hope they may be able to advance the best interests of the commonwealth by casting out from it anything that smells of Butlerism. But it remains to be seen whether the Republican Legislature will choose such a man as Charles Francis Adams or a man identified with the Butler interest. The Democrats have not yet fixed upon a candidate, but will aim to express by their action the highest phase of Massachusetts public opinion by voting for a man with such judgment and tact that none of the more elevated political impulses of the state shall suffer detriment in the future. The Democrats would vote for Mr. Adams in the absence of a candidate of their own nomination, even if he should pass the ordeal of a strict Republican caucus and obtain the nomination. The movement in favor of Mr. Adams is gathering strength, and no doubt if the question were left with the people instead of the politicians Mr. Adams would be the first choice of a great majority of the citizens.

The breach in the Republican ranks is daily widening and the excitement interesting. The Daily Advertiser is for Adams, the Worcester Spy for Hoar, and the Springfield Union for Dawes The Boston Traveller has nothing to say either way, but if Butler or Dawes should succeed that paper would exclaim: "I told you so." The Boston Transcript, which on Monday favored Mr. Hoar, now believes in Adams echoing the voice of its morning counterpart the Advertiser.

A conference of the Democratic members was held this evening, at which there was much discussion, but no action taken. The friends of General Banks are quiet, but are watching the canvass, and, in the event of it becoming impossible to elect either of the candidates now talked of, they will bring forward his name as a compromise. He would command the votes of many Republicans who think Adams outside the party, and would also satisfy the anti Butler element.

Chinese Cheap Labor.

The new Senator from California (Mr. Hagar) proposed a resolution looking to the expediency of opening negotiations with the Emperor of China so as to secure some modification of the Burlingame treaty which will prevent hereafter the importation of Chinese females for immoral purposes and of Chinese males or coolies under servile labor contracts. No action was taken upon it. Mr. Hagar, in presenting a joint resolution of the California Legislature against the further importation of Chinese, said this was a question now of national importance. The import of the Chinese on the Pacific coast had none of the characteristics of a free and voluntary emigration, but was the importation of a servile class. He complained that the Burlingame treaty did not practically confer the same rights upon Americans as it did upon Chinese. The Californians did not object to the terms of the treaty, but they objected to the manner in which it was carried out. He said that there is no longer any Chinese emigration to Australia, the British Government no longer encouraging it. The Chinese who come to California come under servile labor contracts which are not only in violation of the treaty, but in violation of our laws. All the Chinese in California are owned by six companies in San Francisco. They have their agents in China, and they bring on the most degraded of that population, and after they arrive they own them just as much as the slaves of the South were ever owned. They hire them out at such rates that no free labor can compete with it, and in this way European emigration is almost entirely discouraged.

The senate of New Jersey, the other day killed the local option bill.

Carl Schurz has been invited by the people of Boston to deliver an oration in Faneuil Hall commemorative of the life, character, and public services of Mr. Sumner. Mr. Schurz has accepted the invitation, and will at once commence the preparation of his oration. Had the dead Senator been consulted, it is safe to say that he would have coincided with the action of the Boston committee in selecting Mr. Schurz as his eulogist. He had a great admiration not only for the genius and eloquence of the Missouri Senator but for his independence of character and his utter disregard of party trammels, when in his judgment, they interfered with his convictions of duty. In his great contest with the Administration, his fight on the annexation of San Domingo, and his assault upon the policy of selling arms to the French during the Franco-Prussian war, Sumner found in Schurz a very able ally. The private relations of the two Senators were of the most intimate character, and it is probable that Mr. Schurz can give a better analysis of the character of Charles Sumner than some of the men who have known him much longer.

The Horrible Result of Circumstantial Evidence.

The Milford (Del.) News says that John Young, colored, an old man who died near Frederica, Kent county, last Sunday morning, confessed just before his death, to one John Madison, colored attendant, that he, Young, was the man who killed the old peddler, for the murder of whom one Ed. Darnell was convicted and hung a few years ago at Dover. It will be remembered that the old peddler's body was found in a mill pond, horribly mangled, and showing every indication of having met with foul play. Circumstances pointed to the boy Darnell and a man named William Loper, who were arraigned. Loper, succeeding in proving and alibi was acquitted, and the boy convicted and hung. If this story is true, and there seems no reason to doubt it, it affords another illustration of the fallibility of circumstantial evidence, and the possibility of hanging the innocent for the guilty.

The Army Reduction Bill.

The house committee on military affairs to-day perfected their bill for the reduction of the army. They propose to cut off five regiments of infantry one of artillery, and one of cavalry. This to be done gradually by the first of January, 1875. The number of enlisted men to be 25,000. Such officers as may resign before that time to receive a year's pay. The army, according to the bill, will consist of twenty regiments of infantry nine of cavalry and four of artillery.

The Williamsport Crusaders.

Williamsport, March 17.—The temperance movement is still in progress with increased interest. Many of the saloons are closed. The ladies started out this afternoon and on reaching Washington street it was ascertained that 200 or 300 Germans had congregated. Lager beer was served from a wagon and the crowd was boisterous and threatening. Tumblers were thrown and the police threatened. The movement was unexpected and has greatly injured the cause of the liquor dealers. Two arrests were made.

The New Castle, Pa., Courant says: "two men are now in jail in that city for dressing in female attire and peddling patent corsets. They practiced their little game in that city for about six weeks, and fitted most of the belles of New Castle, as well as older ladies, and always insisted that they should fit the article to the purchaser.

"Ben Butler says to Grant, Do this, and it is done. Indeed the Essex Statesman has the President under his control as completely as one man ever had another."—Nashville Union.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION.

A decision has just been rendered involving the liabilities of railroad companies in cases where persons receive injurie while riding on trains that do not carry passengers. The decision is an important one and therefore of interest to all travelers by rail. The case is as follows:

On the 28th day of February, 1873, the plaintiff, Mr. Lucius D. Austin, then in Titusville, received a dispatch that his mother was dying in Cleveland, and being anxious to reach that place as quick as possible, purchased a ticket to Cleveland via the Philadelphia and Erie railroad. He took the train at Corry, expecting to make close connections with the ten p. m. train for Erie. Arriving at Corry he found the train had been taken off the road, and his only alternative was to wait for the passenger train next morning or to go on a freight train that evening. He chose the latter, and was told by the conductor that it was against the rules to take passengers by that train; but owing to the urgency of the case Mr. Austin was permitted to remain, although the conductor refused to take up his ticket or accept the extra compensation which was offered. When about nine miles from Erie the train which comprised several cars loaded with petroleum, took fire and Mr. Austin barely escaped death by burning, being so terribly scorched as to disfigure him for life. He brought a suit against the Philadelphia and Erie railroad company to recover damages for the injuries he had received. The case was tried in Philadelphia, the plaintiff thinking his chances of success better than in Erie. The ruling of the court plainly set down the law that when one forces himself upon a train on which he knows he has no right, that knowledge bars him from the recovery of damages for any accident which may befall him through such cause. The jury rendered a verdict for the defendant.

DEATH LEAP IN A THEATRE

The N. Y. Sun of Friday says:

James Sylvester, one of the Sylvester brothers, gymnasts, performing in the Thirty-fourth Street Theatre, was killed about 10 o'clock last evening. His final act on the trapeze was to swing with his might, and when he calculated that he had force enough he turned a sumerset from the trapeze and caught a rope suspended from the ceiling in the back part of the auditorium. Under this rope was stretched a netting to shield the performer from injury in the event of missing the rope, and to protect the audience over whom he takes the flying leap.

Young Sylvester came out as usual last night and executed his various feats, until his last grand leap; then he swung himself until he thought that he had gathered sufficient force and let himself go. But he miscalculated and swung too far. With tremendous velocity he shot by this rope and struck against the boxes with an appalling thud. Thence he fell in a heap to the floor, striking on his head. The force of the fall was so great as to break the heavy iron chair upon which he struck.

Ladies in the boxes fainted, and the spectators were transfixed. All was confusion. Two physicians were in the theatre, and attendants from behind the scenes hurried to the assistance of the injured man.

Sylvester was gently lifted and borne into a room. There the physicians found him alive, but without the least consciousness. A terrible gash in the back of his head marked where he had struck. The skull was beaten in, and large clots of blood and pieces of brains oozed out upon the slightest pressure.

The play was hurried on, but the house soon thinned out, leaving the theatre empty.

Sylvester lingered but a short time. His breath became shorter and shorter and soon he died. He was 19 years of age.

BEECHER ON SIN.

Sins and Sinfulness—Original Sin—Total Depravity.

New Haven, March 5. The subject of the eighth lecture of the Lyman Beecher course to the students of the Theological School by Henry Ward Beecher, delivered this afternoon, was "Sins and Sinfulness." He said:

I have as deep a sense of the sinfulness of the race, and the indispensable need of divine interposition on behalf of man, as any one can have with my faculties. Sinfulness in man bears nearly the same relation to God and his government as disease to medicine. Our ideas of sin have not come to us for the most part from the gospel nor from the scientific observation of facts, but from the discussions of the schools. Christ never defined sin. He never declared the race to be universally sinful. He dwelt in his ministery on the recuperative power of repentance and pointed out to men their special sins. Preachers have paid too much attention to the generic idea of sin, and have seemingly relegated the consideration of individual sins to the field of morality. In considering the subject first arises the question of questions—the origin of evil. All the books and sermons written on this question would make a pile as high as the Pyramids, all the passions excited by them, if concentrated and applied, would burn the pile to ashes. Our fathers knew nothing about it, nor do we. The discussion of it is as fruitless as would be a discussion among physicians concerning the origin of disease. Formerly there was much discussion concerning the nature of sin, but the old opinion that it was inherited, or a sort of physical secretion is not held now. Again, men were once taught that sin was a moral secretion; that they were born to sin as a clock is made to strike. So vigorous was this teaching that men must have believed that if they did not sin they did sin in so defeating the end for which they were created. Then there was the idea that Adam was a reservoir of sin—a fountain of which men were faucets. This view is not profitable for awakening men and converting them. Then sin is defined as selfishness predominant, and as an entire absence of love for God. Then we come to total depravity. In preaching this you will run the risk of effacing from men's minds the distinction between good men and bad men. You can never make a mother believe that her unremitting care for her child is an evidence of total depravity. My father used to tell me, "My son, these are unnatural affections," and say they were not good until inspired by the divine spirit. But the divine spirit is universal. Every affection of yours which is good at all is directly derived from the divine spirit; so his distinction was not well founded. If you ask me if I believe in total depravity, I say "I believe all men are sinful and need to be made new creatures in Christ Jesus." But in getting away from total depravity there is apt to be a reaction. It is supposed to be the peculiar heresy of the Unitarian defection that it is assumed that men sin only once in a while and under favorable circumstances prefer to do right. In this direction there is substituted for intense spirituality a spirituality of a poetical or mystic kind. The truth is that anger, combativeness, love for men, the sense of the beautiful, are all of themselves naturally right, but it is difficult to so combine them in building up one's character as to work out only such things as may tend to holiness. There is not an immoral letter in the alphabet yet how many nasty books have been written. If I did not believe in the all-sabting power of divine love I should never want to see another child born into the world. The child must be taught skill and knowledge. Each of his appetites needs a special education, all his tendencies must be kept in equilibrium, and while it is no easy matter to drive one fiery horse with ease it is impossible for one man to keep twenty of them to their paces. Man has to order everything in his life in view of two worlds; direct everything so that he may land over there. The rebound of science, teaching of the incarceration of spirit in body, of hereditary transmission, of the effect on the passions of food and climate and many other external agents, render it necessary for the preacher to know enough of these matters to enable him to meet the assertions or scepticisms of the new mental philosophy. I have followed the teachings of science for many years and gathered as much as I could, and then taken the facts and looked at them in the light of a revelation, and I believe there is nothing so admirably constructed for and so parallel to science as the gospel of Jesus Christ. Science will not sweat away, any of religion's fundamental doctrines, but will make them shine the brighter. Christ preached personal repentance and the development of a new life on the basis of the old in each individual man. It is the specific treatment that takes hold of men. Forty needles used together are blunt as a board, but each used separately will pierce. You can't repent of Adam's sin but you can for your own. Christ preached so that the harlot had her specified repentance, the thief his, and so on. He led them to believe that the regeneration might be instantaneous. God was always ready if they opened their souls to him. To tell your people there is nothing good in them until after they are converted is to divert the fundamental instincts to which you appeal. Morality, however, is not enough, any more than the rich broad leaves of the vine will make wine; but they will nourish blossoms, a blossom will change into fruit; and so morality is the starting point. Teach your people to do right from selfish motives if they will not do so for any other reason, for that will be a beginning from which they may be lifted higher. In preaching the doctrine of sin there is danger of overaction, resulting in discouragement to the very sensitive and in presumption in many others. You may preach sinfulness in a measure, but sins continually. The next question to be considered is, How to make the various kinds of people you may preach to conscious of their sins; for, as the Western minister said, "You can cut the grain that leans toward you easily enough, but not that which leans away from you." This question I will consider in a future lecture.

UNITED BRETHREN IN CHRIST.

A Brief History of its Organization.

The large denomination known as the United Brethren in Christ had an interesting origin. Like all church efforts the beginning was small, but this one has developed into one of the most efficient laborers in the vineyard of the Lord. The men who instituted this church little thought that it would become the power it now is. The preliminary organization of the church took place in the house of Isaac Long, in Manheim township, Lancaster county, about five miles north of the city of Lancaster, about the time of the Revolutionary war. Harris Long, a son of Isaac and brother of young Isaac Long, was the first man who invited an English Methodist preacher from Virginia to preach at their house. He also invited Otterbein and Martin Boehm. It was at froone these meetings where they embraced one another, with the remark, "We are brothers in Christ." Boehm was a Mennonite preacher, Otterbein a German Reformed minister. The three afterward agreed to call themselves United Brethren in Christ. The house and barn in which they preached are standing to this day, solid and sound. The barn has this inscription on the date stone: "I. L., 1757." The house was somewhat repaired in 1870. We could not make out the date when built, but it is supposed to be fully as old as the barn, if not older. It is a two story stone house with a steep tile roof. It will apparently stand another century. It was there where the first large religious meetings were held in Lancaster county. They had one meeting which was particularly large. They preached in the orchard and in the barn on a certain Sunday, and there were a number of people present from York and from what was then called Steitza, now Lebanon. The Englishman preached in the orchard, and during a threatening storm he was almost the last to leave. Otterbein and Boehm preached in the barn. It was the largest gathering that had taken place for years, and they made many converts from other denominations. A granddaughter of Isaac Long said that she had heard all those preachers who were first prominent in the church—Newcomer, Greeting, Smith and others. Her mother moved eighty-eight or ninety years ago to the Reading railroad, three miles this side of Lancaster. The preachers, knowing her, stopped with her on their way to her father's. She distinctly remembers the Virginia preachers, who wore long cloaks. The Longs had some five hundred acres in one tract, divided into four or five farms. It is all owned by the descendants, but not by the name of Long, because three or four of the brothers had no sons—only daughters. Joseph Long, the husband of widow Long, of Mountville, now married to Mr. Herr, was a grandson of Harris Long. This property will descend to the Long family, the grandchildren of Joseph Long.

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P. B. WILSON. T. A. HICKS.

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Hardware and Stove Dealers

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ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

STOVES.

SPEAR'S ANTI-CLINKER STOVES & DOUBLE HEATERS

which will heat one or two rooms down stairs, and same number above. Cost very little more than single stoves. These are the best parlor stoves made.

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Within the last ten years the progress of discovery in every department of knowledge has made a new work of reference an imperative want.

The movement of political affairs has kept pace with the discoveries of science, and their fruitful application to the industrial and useful arts and the convenience and refinement of social life. Great wars and consequent revolutions have occurred, involving national changes of peculiar moment. The civil war of our own country, which was at its height when the last volume of the old appeared, has happily been ended, and a new course of commercial and industrial activity has been commenced.

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The great political revolutions of the last decade, with the natural result of the lapse of time, have brought into public view a multitude of men and women whose names are in every one's mouth, and of whose lives every one is curious to know the particulars. These additions have been carefully and impartially maintained, of which the details are as yet preserved only in the newspaper or in the transient literature of the day, but which ought now to take place in permanent and authentic history.

In preparing the present edition for the press, it has accordingly been the aim of the editors to bring down the information to the latest possible date, and to furnish an accurate account of the most recent discoveries in science, of every fresh production in literature, and of the newest inventions in the practical arts, as well as to give a succinct and orinpinal record of the progress of political and historical events.

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None of the original stereotype plates have been used, but every page has been printed on new type, forming in fact a new Cyclopaedia, with the same plan and compass as its predecessor but with a far greater pecuniary expenditure, and with such improvements in its composition as have been suggested by longer experience and enlarged knowledge.

The illustrations which are introduced for the first time in the present edition have been added not for sake of pictorial effect, but to give greater lucidity and force to the explanation in the text. They embrace all branches of science and of natural history, and depict the most famous and remarkable feature of scenery architecture, and art, as well as the various processes of mechanics and manufactures. Although intended for instruction rather than embellishment, no pains has been spared to insure their artistic excellence; the cost of their execution is enormous, and it is believed they will find a welcome reception as an admirable feature of the Cyclopaedia, and worthy of its high character.

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of every description.

All vehicles manufactured by him are warranted to render satisfaction, and as equal to any work done elsewhere.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER

THURSDAY MAR 26., 1874.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our friends will oblige by sending us items of local news in their locality, give us the facts orally, and we will put them in shape, also notices of deaths and marriages.

Any one sending us the names of six new subscribers with the cash, will be entitled to receive the REPORTER one year free.

The REPORTER being read by nearly every body on this side of the county, where it has a larger circulation than any two papers, will be found the best medium for advertising business, sales, &c. &c.

——Subscribers to the Reporter, changing their post-office address this spring, should give us notice, so that the paper can be mailed accordingly.

——A SPLENDID CHANCE TO GO INTO THE HARDWARE BUSINESS.—Finding it very inconvenient and very expensive to carry on two stores, I have concluded to sell out either my Mirror of Millheim stand, (would prefer to sell in Milroy.) These are both good stands. Any one desiring to go into the Hardware business will find this a rare chance; any information in regard to what business has been done will be cheerfully given. If desired the Real estate in Milroy can also be purchased. Terms easy. Apply to

W. J. M'MANIGAL.

19 Mar 6t. Milroy Pa.

——The Maryland legislature has voted down a local option law.

——Some thief lately visited the corncrib of Mr. Amos Oberdorf, of this place, and helped himself to a lot of corn. Can't some one set a trap for these midnight rangers which will tell on them?

——On Tuesday, 17th inst., as constable Kline, of Gregg twp., was returning from Millheim on horseback, his horse made a mistep and fell, and the venerable constable had his head badly bruised, but it is not considered dangerous.

——Rev. Tomlinson, of Somerset county, has received a call from the Aaronsburg Lutheran charge, and accepted the same. He is a brother of Rev. Tomlinson lately of Bellefonte.

——On last Wednesday afternoon we had a regular thunder shower. The lightning was vivid and the thunder rolled in loud peals.

——Subscribe for the Reporter and don't depend on your neighbor's. Cut down your allowance of tobacco and cigars only four cents per week, and you have enough to pay for the Reporter.

——The Model Book store, of Jas. Welch & Co., is now in the new National Bank building, well stocked with the best and cheapest Books, Stationery, fancy articles, toys, &c. What you can't get at the Model Book store, ain't worth having. Remember the place, in the new bank building.

——The man who can publish a newspaper to suit every-body is yet unborn. Persons who get out-of sorts when every thing in a newspaper don't suit their fancy should ponder this over half a minute. Why we never yet saw a man engaged in any kind of business that could please all, did you? Reasonable folks don't look for such an anomaly. In no other calling is there such a range of patrons to serve with ideas and tastes so varied, as that of a publisher of a newspaper. Hence sensible and reflecting readers will not expect the editor to come up to that unborn standard of perfection which would enable him to conduct a paper to satisfy all tastes.

——Mrs. Kate Shaffer's sale, household furniture, at Potter's Mills, on Saturday, March 28th, at 1 o'clock.

——Henry Brown's sale, Harris twp., March 27.

——John C. Rote, formerly of Aaronsburg, has become proprietor of a livery at Bellefonte. Success to John.

——Bill Brown is a candidate for Lieutenant Governor. He will make a strong team. We recommend him to his party.

——Mr. Elias Lose sold the house and lot adjoining his residence, on Water street, Millheim, to Abs Harter, for $1,225.—*Beefeater.*

——Mrs. Wolfe, wife of Jacob Wolfe, Wolfe's Store, Pa., while carrying a bucket of water on Monday, fell and broke one of her limbs at the knee.

——On Saturday night last a cow belonging to Richard McAfferty got into Jerry Butz's hay mow, which is on a level with the street, and in tramping about, the boards spread apart and she fell through into a stall where a peddler's horse was standing and broke her neck.—*Watchman.*

——A laboring man named John Messerman, residing in Decatur township, Mifflin co., committed suicide on Monday night, by taking poison, dying in great agony. He was 50 years of age, and left a wife and children. The immediate cause of the rash act was domestic infelicity.

——As it looks as though the legislature were about to pass the dog-collar law, all dog owners had best go to J. O. Deininger's at once, and get some of his nice dog-collars. He has just got the right article even if the law does not pass.

——The time for the "flitting" of the "flitters" has come.

——Many of the public schools, of this county, close with the present month, and intend winding up with exhibitions.

——Next Monday, 30th inst., the trains will commence to make regular trips to Laurelton. Thus slowly the iron-horse approaches the Centre county line from the east.

——Thomas Bollinger has been appointed post-master at Rock Spring.

——Mr. R. H. Duncan's house caught fire on Monday morning, but was discovered and extinguished before much damage was done. Mr. and Mrs Duncan were both from home.

——Calkin's Automatic Clothes Washer will be in Centre Hall next week, and will be tested at Spangler's Hotel, on Monday, March 30. The citizens of the town are invited to be present and see it in operation. Township rights for sale.

——Wm. Wolf, at the old stand, has just received a large lot of the finest fish in market. If you want good fish, mackerel, shad, or herring, at a bargain, go to Wm. Wolf's.

——Weather fine this week, but rather cold—very stormy Sunday night and Monday.

——Rev. Kerlin is having a great revival in his Stone valley charge. Rev Leitzel reports us the same work going on in his charge, at Sligo. The protracted meeting, in the Methodist church at this place, is still going on.

——Mr. S. S. Wolf, the popular new merchant of our town, left yesterday for Philadelphia, to lay in his stock of spring goods. If you want to buy the best goods at the lowest prices, call and examine his immense new stock which will be on hand in a week or ten days. Remember that Mr. Wolfe trades anything you have to sell, for which he allows the highest market prices. He also wishes to assure his friends that he has thrown all his time and energy into this business, and that he means to *stay*, notwithstanding the false and malicious reports circulated by certain parties to the contrary. Thankful for the general support thus far received; he hopes by strict attention to business, and fair dealing, still to increase his trade. Please don't forget to give him a call.

Mr. Orvis presented a petition of forty-six inhabitants of Centre county, for a law to prevent the killing of deer in that county for three years. Also one against the prohibiting the hunting of deer with dogs in said county, which was referred to Committee on Agriculture.

——The post-office at Boalsburg, will shortly change hands.

For the Reporter.

The percentage of attendance of my school for the month ending March 3rd is 97. Per cent. of attendance during term till date, 94. 14 scholars were in attendance every day during the month, to wit: W. J. Meyer, Jas. M. Musser, J. C. Musser, G. B. Stover, M. W. Adams, Franklin Haugh, M. Stover, Della Wirth, O. Wirth, Mary Musser, Annie Long, Mary E. Wolf.

J. H. DEVLING.

Trial List—1st week—April Term.

Etnoir & Foust vs E A Green & Co
1st National Bank Huntingdon vs same
Same vs J Green & G Eby
J P Coburn vs Geo Vonada, et al
J Stein use of vs R K Nelson
Welch & Allen vs J Nestlerode
Same vs Saylor, Day & Morey
A T Moorehead vs E G Hastings
Com of Penn'a vs A Brockerhoff
J & G Frazier vs Hale & Co
John Hoy vs Wm Vox
Wm Thurston vs P Gray Meek
W L Wilson et al vs J H S Thompson
Lloyd Caldwell & Co vs J Thomas & co
Amelia Royer vs J W Sholl
J P Harris vs Brandley Childs
Thos Burnsides vs G M Yocum, Adm'r
Millliken, Hoover & Co vs J Underwood Adm'rs
S M'Clintick & Co vs Chas Brown
Maria Flighman vs B F Shaffer

2nd Week.

Wm Young et al vs Cline Quigley
Harper Bros vs Roland Curtin
T K Henderson vs Geo Gates
Sarah Corman vs L B McEntire et al
Norwood coal & lumber co vs Elliott a co
B Schrock vs poor overseers, Bellefonte
J P Gephart, adm'r vs Rothrock heirs
A Garman vs Penn'a RR Co.
M Krause vs A Rider
Thos Loughrey vs J Lucas' heirs
R Pletcher vs Penn'a RR Co.
Judah Whitcomb vs Philipsburg coal Iron & Oil Co.
Jos Robson vs Gideon Weiland
A L Bricker et al vs S L Bricker
C Hoverly vs Penn'a RR Co
D Bechdel vs same
John White vs J Beckdol
Jno White et al vs J McCool
Clark Cone vs Derby Coal Co
E W Hale vs Jesse Klinger
S Snyder et al vs D J Kine et al
J Cortland et al vs D J Kine et al
D M Wagner vs J S Forster
L W Munson & Co vs Judah Whitcomb
W W Aspley & co vs B L Batcheler
S B Wyland vs Wm Hall
Todd & Linn vs H & F D Ligget
Lloyd Caldwell & Co vs J S Reid & Co.
McGirk & Perks vs A Owen
R Lloyd vs Same
Wm Showers vs J Gordons Adm'rs
Daniel Betts vs Snow Shoe Township
May, Loeb & Co vs Same
National Bank of Bellefonte vs J P Felt & Co.
J Heverly vs Penn'a RR Co.

List of Grand Jurors for April Term.

Bellefonte boro'—Robt Hepburn, C Derr, Henry Derr.
Unionville—E M Lucas
Benner twp—J E Mitchel, A J Shively
Bergs—Constance Curtin, And Fitzger.
Harris—Martin Y Keefer
Ferguson—David Fye
Gregg—L Evans, J P Heckman, David Emerick, Daniel Bartges
Haines—Robert Goheen
Miles—James P Frank, Henry G Royer, Emanuel Harter.
Penn—Elias Kreamer, B O Deininger
Rush—J C Dunkle
Spring—W J Dale, H Kline
Walker—Daniel Dorman

List Traverse Jurors—1st Week.

Bellefonte boro—Wm Shortlidge, Geo Thomas, Jac V Thomas, Frank Steel, Geo W Tate
Milesburg Boro—J Miles Green
Philipsburg—L G Kessler
Benner Twp—John Rishel, Wm Ishler, H Hevy.
Boggs—Philip Resides, D F Shope J H Linn
Burnsides—Jacob Craft
Curtin—John M'Closkey, A S Tipton
Ferguson—Geo Homan, Wm Musser D Dennis
Gregg—John Taylor, Jonathan Weaver
Half Moon—John A Hunter, I Peck.
Harris—John S Forster
Haines—W W Bower
Huston—Daniel Irvin
Liberty—Jno A Stover
Marion—Isaac Train, Samuel Aley
Patton—Geo Reeser, Geo Mattene, P A Sellers, J G Stine.
Penn—P H Swartz, Fred Catherman, H G Smith
Potter—Peter Hoffer, Wm Armagast, John Foreman, A P Hosterman, D F Luse.
Rush—Geo McGaffey
Snow Shoe—Mark Money
Spring—H E Gentzel
Union—Jacob Spotts
Walker—Jno H Peck, Jno Divens, W P Harris

Traverse Jurors—2nd Week.

Bellefonte Boro—Sam'l Van Tries, Geo H. Weaver, P Gray Meek, H D Yerger
Howard Boro—Balser Weber
Philisburg—James Perks, W H M'Causland, Henry Dunkle, O Adams.
Milesburg—J P Shoope
Rush—Jno Gates
Boggs Twp—Frank McElroy, Thomas Adams, Simon Bathurst
Ferguson—John F Krebs, Charles Snyder
Gregg—S P Herring
Haines—Charles W Wolf, A J Burrell, Michael Fedler
Howard—Jas Antis, J M Hall
Half Moon—P W Burket.
Liberty—S H Koons, Thos Bower.
Miles—And Gramley, Daniel Strayer, Samuel Strohecker, Samuel Condo.
Potter—Ephriam Keller, Alex Kuhn, Jno G Sankey
Snow Shoe—Wm Holt
Spring—C C Taylor
Union—Thomas M'Ewen
Worth—Jos Thompson

——A RASH ACT AND FATAL CONSEQUENCE.—In our last issue we made brief mention of a horrid accident which occurred at T. C. Himes' saw mill, about one mile and a half west of this, at 9 o'clock on Tuesday morning, 24 inst., in which a Mr. Jacob Cruthers, of Bell's Mills, Blair county, was sawed entirely in two in two or three seconds, and now enabled to give the particulars We are induced to refer to this case again, not through a disposition to aggravate the mind with the relation to such sickening sights, but that it may be a warning to others employed in the dangerous avocations of all kinds, in this region, where the loss of human life has become so alarmingly fearful, and where we can trace so many of these fatal consequences to the reckless acts of the mangled victims. Mr. John Hays is the sawyer employed at this mill, and was in charge at that time. It was noticed that something was wrong with the carriage—a nut or something of the kind was loose on the under side of it. The carriage was standing in front of the saw, and Mr. Hays had crossed over for the purpose of adjusting whatever was wrong. Mr. Cruthers, who was his setter, took the sawyer's side of the carriage, threw himself flat upon the floor, within a few inches of the whirling saw, and endeavored to assist the sawyer in adjusting the difficulty. It is said that Mr. Hays warned him of his danger but he paid no attention to it; and Mr. Jack Speece, who is the engineer, and who was watching the efforts of the two men, told Mr. Cruthers of his proximity to the saw, but he remarked that an inch was as good as a mile. In his endeavors to reach whatever was wrong with the under part of the carriage, he had to lay flat to the floor and partly across the carriage, and in this way his feet would be very near the lever which is used to gig back the carriage, and it is reasonable to infer from this his feet struck the lever and started the carriage forward. After the carriage had started two seconds could hardly elapse before the saw would be whirling into his body. Mr. Hays sprang from the position he was in and rushed for the lever—Mr. Speece hurried below and stopped the engine; but all was of no avail. Two unearthly shrieks were uttered by the expiring victim, it passed entirely through the body, severing the upper from the lower extremities, and he was dead; and no power on earth could have saved him, considering the position he was in, after the carriage had once been put in motion.

Dr. Blandy was at once sent for and done all that could be done—attach together the parts with needle and thread.

Mr. Cruthers was a young, unmarried man, his parents living in the neighborhood of Bell's Mills, in Blair county. They were telegraphed to at once, and on Thursday the remains were interred in the burial ground outside of our town.—*Osceola Reveille.*

MILLHEIM FRAGMENTS.

MR. EDITOR.—When a certain young man, (not so very young either), engages a lot of furniture, and insists that it must be done by the *middle of May*, is it any of your business—or mine—what use he has for it? Answer emphatically—No. Should you come to a different conclusion, please let me know.

Enclosed please find check for the sum of one cent, which please forward to the editor of the Berichter. At a meeting held for the purpose, by the young ladies of Millheim, this amount was raised in appreciation of his labors in behalf of refined social culture, *vide* his article, "Der Mary ihr erst Sparken." For chaste thought and beautiful diction, it deserves to be preserved by some Professor of Belles Letters for the good of future generations.

Handy about Horses.—The Chinese Vermillion-Keystone Cultivator, manufactured by that enterprising firm, John D. Foote *and Company.*

Pompous.—That inflated, conceited, Teutonic chap of an ex-Squire, down in Strasburg, by the manner in which he delivers his big opinions on law, seems to think that what he don't know in that particular direction, is scarcely worth knowing. Please sing,

"How vain are all *things* here below."

Resolved, That the *Ox* is more useful than the horse. This weighty question was lately disgust by a debating club, somewhere. Naturally enough, the *Ox* men largely predominated. This is as it should be, thinks I, as I listened to the arguments. For, "Truth crushed to earth, will rise again."

Gutes Vergelstecker.—Our diminutive friend Johnny. The way he wipes out these common country squires, is a caution to the disciples of Blackstone. More anon. UNCLE JOHN.

PINE GROVE MILLS ITEMS.

The upper room of the Academy building, of this place, it is said, will be converted into an Odd-Fellow's Hall, as that fraternity is rapidly increasing here, their present room is too small.

At a meeting of the citizens of this place it was decided to build a board-walk on both sides of the main street. This is a step in the right direction—hope the enterprise will not fail.

We also need a new town-hall; who will undertake this important enterprise, this city cannot well do without it.

The P. O. has been removed to the prosperous and accomodating firm of Dunlap & Co., merchants.

Pine Grove has had two musical conventions this winter, and one about 25 miles westward, at Meek's Chapel, all of which were quite a success and have awakened considerable interest in the divine art.

Pine Grove and Boalsburg are still hoping and quietly waiting for the railroad. We think the prospect is steadily growing brighter.

The Pine Grove brass band discoursed some charming music on Friday evening in the diamond of this town. This band is undoubtedly among the best in the county.

The grange excitement has also reached our township.

At the numerous sales in this vicinity, live stock was sold at pretty fair figures.

The high school in this place, will again be opened in the lower room of the Academy building by Prof. Sahm, of Aaronsburg. FERGUSON.

For the Reporter.

"BELLEFONTE SQUIBS."

Fine spring weather, and consequently a lively time for the merchants.

The frost has taken some of the panic out of business, and trade promises to open up lively.

The "woman's crusade" has not yet reached us, but we are looking for it every day, we are sure the indications are that it is near at hand. As we passed along the street the other day, we noticed our friend "Woolly" Brown dressed up, silk hat on, and looking as gay as a New York fop. He must have had some information of their comming, and prepared himself for the prayer meeting. He is very fond of the fair sex, and wishes to look nice when they come to visit the "spirit merchant."

"Jim" Hale it is said is looking District Attorney ward; Well, go in, "Jim," Jack will not object, as it will be no trouble at all to beat you.

Who is "Doesticks, jr" the anonymous ecrrespondent of "Brown's Republican"? Some say Smith Barnhart, but then "Smithy" denies it, and in last weeks "Watchman" replies to what is generally believed to be his own production. Rather rough when a man writes nameless articles, in order to get an opportunity to put out a "high-sounding reply." But then we don't believe that Smith wrote the "Doestick's communications," Only a few minor circumstances point to him as the author. Smith says, in his reply to his own communication, that his great-grandfather, was a "genuine beer Dutchman," "well that accounts for Smith drinking an ounce of the "gutes beer" when he goes speechmaking, that his "grand daddy" voted for Washington, Madison, Jefferson and some other fellows whose names we forget, and that J. E. Smith, had been "kicked and cuffed" by the Democratic party ever since he was a boy, that his teacher, who was a Democrat, commenced to "lave" him in his boyhood days, and the party in and out of Conventions, has steadily persisted in these ungrateful practices, that, notwithstanding all this he has always remained "loyal," "not for the sake of gain," for he never was an office-seeker, "but out of pure patriotism." Now we would like to know how any one can be so stupid, as to infer from those circumstances that Smith is "Doesticks jr."

In Brown's last issue that same 'eccentric genius," the irrepressible "Doesticks, Jr.," threatens to have some more of "the unwritten work of the Democratic party" published, and no doubt will make things lively. Squire Gephart, who is to be one of the sufferers, says he don't care what he "Doesticks," may have to say about him. We have no objection to anything "Doesticks, jr.," may want to say, but would advise him not to touch the "rat question," or he will arouse the "firey Fortney," and surely then his career as a correspondent will be of a few days. More anon. S.

"TOO THIN" YET.

EDITOR REPORTER:—That "correction corrected" in your issue of last week, is certainly the richest thing out, and, should you be called upon to publish it in pamphlet form, please do so, as there is an astonishing demand for it, on account of its native originality. John, you well know that you have committed yourself, and, in order to get out of the strait into which you got by your own indiscretion, you offer an "explantion," which is as clear as mud. Now John, I will take your own figures, and prove that you are in error. You admitted that your average attendance of males was 16, and of females 12, total 28. I will now quote from our "School Reports:" "To find total percentage of attendance for month, annex two ciphers to the *total average* attendance of the month, and divide by the *whole* number of pupils on the roll during the month. Find the percentage of males and females in the same manner." Now my mathematical friend, take and divide it by 16, and 12 by 12, with two ciphers annexed, and the result in both cases will be 100, or, annex two ciphers to 28 and divide by 28, and the result will again be 100. With the above statement, made from your own figures, I will let an intelligent public decide whose "cephalic extremity" is affected. That you have committed an inexcusable blunder, is plainly to be seen, and I sincerely pity you, that in your envious ambition to present a better report than any of your fellow-teachers, you would so far outstep the bounds of propriety and good sense. Remember Johnny, that "to err is human, to forgive divine," and of the former you are unquestionably guilty, and the latter obligation I have already freely discharged. *Experto crede.* A. NORMALITE.

The Lewisburg, Centre and Spruce Creek railroad will be opened to Laurelton, nineteen miles beyond Lewisburg, to-day.

For a local option town certainly Williamsport is obstinate. Neither the law nor the ladies can overcome the thirst of her topers.

THE TEMPERANCE WAR.

The Ladies of Chicago Defeated.

Chicago, March 16.—In accordance with arrangements made at the Ladies Temperance meeting held on Thursday last and yesterday, 500 ladies met at the Clark street Methodist Church at three o'clock this afternoon. After appointing a committee of one hundred to present a memorial to the City Council against the proposed repeal of the Sunday saloon ordinance devoted the afternoon to prayer for the success of their mission.

At seven o'clock, the delegation started for City Hall bearing the memorial signed by 16,000 women. They were attended in the march by a constantly increasing crowd of men and boys. By the time they reached the doors of the council chamber, so great was the mob that gathered as to render the services of a large force of police necessary to secure entrance. Arriving in the council chamber, the delegation was courteously received and the chairwoman of the delegation was, on motion, after some debate, allowed to present the petition, which she did in a few well chosen words. The Petition was then read and placed on file.

Council then proceeded to the consideration of the special order, which was the ordinance permitting saloons to keep open on Sunday. A very warm debate ensued, in which most of the people's party aldermen claimed that they were bound to vote for the ordinance as it was one of the issues upon which they were elected. A vote was had and the ordinance adopted by a vote of 22 to 14.

Disgraceful Scenes.

Defeated, the ladies were escorted from the hall to the outer door by the police, who, with the utmost difficulty, kept back the howling mob of living scum which still remained outside. Reaching the street, the ladies, all of whom were of the highest respectability, numbering among them wives of some of the best citizens, were assailed with yells and howls from one of the vilest crowds that could be raked from the gutters of the city, who pressed so closely upon the little band that had they not been protected by a few men among the crowd, there is little doubt that violence would have been offered them. Indeed one brute did trip one of the ladies, but slunk away before the fist of a gentleman standing near. The mob followed the ladies the entire distance back to the church, yelling every moment like comanches, presenting one of the most disgraceful scenes ever witnessed in the city. After the committee had entered the church and briefly reported the failure of their mission, those present spent some time in prayer and then dispersed.

A HORRIBLE DEED IN MEXICO.

Religious Fanatics Inaugurating a Carnival of Blood in the State of Jalisco—A Congregational Minister Murdered Midst Cries of "Long Live the Priests."

City of Mexico, March 10—via Havana.—A fearful outrage was perpetrated by a mob at Ahualuleo, in the State of Jalisco, last Sunday. In the morning a priest delivered an incendiary sermon, in the course of which he advocated the extermination of Protestants. This so excited his hearers that a mob gathered in the evening and proceeded to the residence of Rev. John Stevens, a Congregational minister, sent out by the Boston Board of Foreign Missions. With cries of "Long live the priests," they broke into the house, and seizing the clergyman, smashed his head to a jelly, and chopped his body into pieces.

They afterwards sacked the house and carried off everything of value. After much delay the riot was suppressed by the local authorities. The government has sent a detachment of troops to the place. A rigid investigation has been set on foot, and orders have been issued for the arrest of all the priests in Ahualuleo and the neighboring town of Teshitan. A mob in Saguago, acting under similar religious frenzy, attacked the small garrison of the town, burned the public archives, and pillaged the houses of the authorities.

The government of Jalisco has arrested nine of the bandits who robbed the stage near Guadalajara and killed Westfall and Bartholy. A portion of the property taken from the passengers was found in possession of the prisoners.

The Governor of the District of Mexico has issued an order prohibiting cock-fighting as a practice unworthy of a civilized people.

Troops are guarding the roads leading to San Luis Potosi to insure the safety of travellers.

Santa Anna will remain at Jalapa some time before going to the capitol.

Quicksilver mines have been discovered in Sencatecas.

TURKEY.

A Terrible Winter—Circulation of the Bible Prohibited.

A correspondent of the Press, writing from Constantinople, Feb. 18, says:

From the interior we have sad tales of distress on account of the inclemency of the weather. In many places all kinds of provisions have risen to famine prices, and there is a scarcity of food at any price. In the provinces sheep and goats are being fed upon the grain that had been laid up for seed. The cattle are also suffering heavily, inasmuch as the fodder barned for winter use is exhausted, and they wander about bellowing over the snow-covered fields in quest of nurture. The poor of Constantinople are suffering fearfully from the dearth and high price of provisions and fuel. The stock of wheat and flour, too, is running short, as the grain ports on the Danube and the Black Sea that supply this city are all frozen up. The famished wolves, in their despair, have left the forests and have made their appearance in the outskirts of the metropolis, attacking the sheep folds at Chichli, half an hour's walk from my residence, and, in one instance, killing the shepherd who guarded them. Unless the rigor of the season soon abates some of those desolating epidemics, so common to the East will be developed, adding the terrors of pestilence to famine.

A great excitement exists among the American Missionaries here, in consequence of the arrest by the police of the agents of the Bible societies engaged in the sale of the Sacred Scriptures in the Turkish language in Stamboul, and the taking away of their books and informing them that all further sales of the kind are prohibited. As permission was formally given several years ago for the printing and sale of the Bible in Turkish, the action of the police seems to indicate a change of government policy in this respect. They could have hardly adopted such extreme measures without special orders from the superior authorities. It is directly in the teeth of the Hatti-Sheriff of Abdul Mejid, and I hope will be resisted by the American and British legations with the same firmness and success as in 1869.

The Bible House in Stamboul

is a large establishment, founded chiefly by American bounty, with a complete equipment of printing presses and electrotyping apparatus for the publication of the Bible in the Oriental tongues. It is in fact the Protestant college of the Propaganda. Neither the Mussulmen nor the Jesuits regard it with a friendly eye, and they have several times endeavored to close it, or stop its operations. As the Turks are gradually becoming a more reading people, owing to the increasing number of schools, the dissemination of the Scriptures has a too direct tendency to undermine their faith not to provoke opposition. This movement I hope is only a *ruse* to appease the clamor of the fanatical *softa* and *ulemas*, and an admonition to the missionaries to temper their religious zeal with a little more prudence.

Speaking of schools, it may interest your readers to know that there are 466 at Constantinople, all public, and for the most part gratuitous. Of these 287 are Mussulman; 77 Greek; 48 Armenian; 8 life when her mother failed to strangle her Armenian Catholic; 44 Israelite; 5 Protestant; 8 Carailes or Arab. In the Turkish, although the Koran, which is supposed to contain the essence of human and Divine wisdom, is the chief subject of instruction, the standard of education has been much elevated of late. In the others the ordinary rudiments of general learning are taught, religious tenets, however, in every case, holding the first place. Every one in the East

Clings to His Religion

as to his life. Upon that point he will stand and fight to the last. The government has devised a system of universal education for the Ottoman population upon a comparatively modern basis, but it is not yet in general application, owing to the want of funds and competent instructors. The Christian communities maintain their own schools, and though the quality and range of instruction might be improved, there is no objection on the ground of quantity.

THE FESTIVAL AT CHISELHURST

Followers of the House of Bonaparte Assembled at the Residence of the ex-Empress Eugenie and her Son—Prince Louis Napleon Ready to Accept A Plebiscite.

London, March 16.—There was a great crowd of French people at Chiselhurst today to celebrate the eighteenth anniversary of the birth of Prince Louis Napoleon. Over 6,000 cards of admission were issued, and those to French person only.

In the morning mass and thanksgiving were held, after which the Duke of Padua addressed the Prince in the name of the people of France, congratulating him upon having attained his majority.

The Prince, in his remarks in reply, returned thanks to his countrymen for their faithful remembrances of the late Emperor, and in conclusion said:

"Despite the confidence inspired by the loyalty of MacMahon, an irresistable current of public opinion has pronounced in favor of a plebiscite. I am ready to accept its verdict."

Great enthusiasm was manifested, and Camden House, the residence of the ex-Empress and the Prince, was gaily decorated. Among the prominent Frenchmen present were MM. Olliver and Rouher, and the Duke de Grammont.

British journals generally consider the Chiselhurst demonstration a succes. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburg will soon visit Empress Eugenie.

MODOC CITY.

The City in Ashes—Loss Over $100,000.

Modoc City, March 17.—Last night about 10 o'clock a fire was discovered issuing from the office in the Oil Exchange Hotel. The flames spread very rapidly reaching the Bateman House on the opposite side of the street. There were twenty-five buildings destroyed, and the total loss is estimated at a hundred thousand dollars with very little insurances.

DAVID KALAKAUA ELECTED KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLAND.

San Francisco, March 17.—The steamship Mikado brings intelligence from Honolulu that Prince Kalakua has been elected King of the Sandwich Islands to succeed Lunalilo.

Advices from Honolulu to March 8, later than the published reports, show that the riot by the mob of Queen Emma's adherants when they learned of the election of Prince Kalakua was very serious. When the announcement of her defeat was made the mob attacked the House of Assembly, beat several of its members, one of whom afterwards died, tore up seats and desks, and set fire to the House, when the United States and British marines landed and dispersed the rioters.

W. L. Green, Minister of Foreign Affairs, tendered the thanks of the Government for the timely interference of the marines. The King is still threatened with assassination.

THE INSANE POOR

We this week publish an extract from the Report of the Board of Public Charities in addition to what we published last week. We offer no apology, but regret that our limited space will not permit us to give the report in full. The case below is one of seven, six men and one poor girl, really existing in the Poor House of Northampton county, and are "not hidden away in any wild-cat country, in any back-woods settlement, in any poor, remote district." The story is almost too sickening to repeat, but we feel it a duty to make the facts known and to contribute our share in helping to correct the shameful abuses which have grown up under a careless, and we might say, reckless management of our insane hospitals and poor houses.

* * * * * Leaving these sickening sights, we crossed the road to the poor house hospital, and went through its rooms which were filled with the old, the infirm, the sick, the maimed, the blind, appealing with mute eloquence to all human sympathy, but not presenting any features particularly differing from those common to the average county poorhouse hospital. But we had not yet seen the worst. Our attendant, who showed no disposition to conceal anything, and who evidently did not think there was anything out of the way in what we had seen, let us down into the basement of the hospital; and there, in a cage like those we had already seen, except that it was perhaps one foot larger, and, being exposed to the outer air and some ventilation, was not pervaded by the deadly odor of the other cells, we beheld a shocking sight. Lying on a heap of loose straw, was a young woman, twenty years of age. She is dumb, uttering only an unmeaning clucking sound. She was born with but one hand and with her right foot so fearfully distorted as to be useless. Mentally, she has been idiotic from her birth. But how are we to describe her condition? For eighteen years has this poor girl dragged out her wretched life in this poor house, and the last six years have been passed in this sty upon this litter of straw, naked as when born, unless a wisp of coarse bed-ticking, originally shaped like a sleeveless shirt, but not reaching from her arm pit to her hip, can be called a garment. Shocking to all decency, outraging to all humanity, she lay there upon her side, her back toward us, unconscious, thank God! of her exposure, a spectacle of civilized heathenism in its lowest degradation. She lay with her apparently sound leg drawn up against itself, and we asked if she could walk about her cage. "No," said our guide, "she lay so long that way she don't walk. She can get round a little on her knees," and stepping in among the straw, he grasped her ankle and drew the limb down to show how far it would go. An expression of pain flushed across the poor creature's face, and we quickly bade him desist. Observing that she was extremely robust and almost swollen in appearance, we asked if it was the result of disease, the bare thigh which was turned toward us being so enormously large as to suggest some dropsical affection. But with the exact air of a farmer exhibiting some fattened animal, our guide assured us that it was "solid fat," and pressed his fist into this human flesh, as a butcher might do into the flank of a prize ox!

Eighteen out of twenty years of a woman's life in such a home! Six years of naked imprisonment on the straw litter of an almshouse cell! Never to have known woman's shame! Never to have known a mother's care! Grown to womanhood under the sore afflictions and defects which came with her into the world, and to have them intensified into such a horror as this!

As we turned away, stunned and sick at heart over such a spectacle of human woe and inhuman indifference we felt that this poor girl missed the one blessing of her

We have told the story of this poor house without a desire or an attempt at exaggeration. The stern appeal of such facts need no exaggeration, and it is not easy to see how they could be made worse than the unvarnished truth. They are not the result of cruelty, at least not of active cruelty. They are the growth of ignorance, indifference, familiarity with the sufferings of the poor. We publish them simply because light and knowledge will sweep away these dreadful abuses in this place, as they are doing in other places.

ILLINOIS

Horrible Butchery—An Entire Family Murdered.

Belleville, Ill., March 21—Yesterday evening the citizens of Centreville of this county, learned that a horrible murder had been committed four miles south of that town on a family named Stiltzenreider. The fact was discovered by a neighbor who went to their house to procure vegetables. The report having been made to the authorities in Centreville, an investigation was made. The family consisted of Stiltzenreider senior, aged seventy-five years, Stiltzenreider, Jr., aged twenty-five years, his wife and two children, respectively three years and eight months old were found dead. The murder was evidently committed on Thursday night. The body of the young man was found two steps from his sleeping room with his throat cut and skull split with an axe and hands with a knife, showing he made a desperate struggle. The wife was killed in bed while asleep with an infant in her arms, her skull mashed and throat cut. The children's skulls were crushed. The old gentleman who slept in an adjoining room appears to have been aroused by the conflict and to have been putting on a jacket when the murderer killed him. He was one of the oldest German settlers and was respected by the whole community. The county court offers a reward of $1,000 for the discovery, arrest and conviction of the murderers. The motive is now believed to be a family feud, and a brother in-law, Mr Stiltzenreider, Jr., is strongly suspected as he owned the family money and a hard feeling existed between them.

The Investigation.

At the inquest this afternoon held by Coroner Ryan, of east St. Louis, several witnesses were examised and facts elicited which lead to the belief that Frederick Boeltz, husband of a sister of Mrs. Steltzenreider committed the deed. He was present but refused to testify until forced to, and then his answers and general conduct were such as to excite the strongest suspicion of his guilt. He acknowledged he had been on bad terms with the murdered family and for some months entertained feelings of enmity toward them and was in the old man Stiltzenreider's debt several hundred dollars. These and other facts brought out together with another fact that the house was not ransacked and pillaged and that old man Stiltzenreider's money was found, establish beyond a doubt that the murder was not committed for plunder, and tend more strongly to fasten suspicion upon Boeltz.

BALD MOUNTAIN.

The Latest from the Supposed Volcano.

Willmington, N. C., March 20.—The following telegram contains the latest and most reliable information yet received here:

"The Bald mountain, in the southwesterly part of M'Dowell county, was shaken a few days since by volcanic throes and some of the inhabitants became much excited and alarmed. However, one of the oldest citizens says that the shock was not severer than in 1812. We have no reliable information of the emission of either fire or smoke."

Knoxville, Tenn., March 20.—A letter received in this city to-day by a gentleman whose mother resides near Bald mountain stated that near the summit of that peak an area of nearly an acre was agitated by subterraneon uphevals, then sinking from which smoke and vapors issued.

NEW MEXICO WISHES TO BECOME A STATE.

The people of New Mexico are becoming anxious to be admitted into the Union The population of the territory is now about 140,000, of whom nearly one-third are American and European descent. The territory is in a flourishing and prosperous condition, and as it has the requisite population, which has been the case with very few of the states admitted, there seems no reason why it should not come in. The territorial legislature has forwarded a memorial to congress asking the passage of an enabling act to provide for its admission.

A few days ago, says the Pottstown Ledger, the remains of Daniel C. Thayer, a soldier who died in 1861 of wounds received in front of Petersburg, was taken up from the church yard of the old brick church in Pottstown and removed to the new Mt. Zion cemetery. In doing this it was found that the body was completely petrified—turned to stone—and the features had assumed the appearance of plaster of Paris.

Already some good people are solicitous about Senator Sumner's religious belief. They have discovered that instead of attending church on Sundays, he remained in his library reading; and that, in fact, he never supported any particular denomination or even possessed membership therein.

A special despatch to the St. Louis *Democrat*, from Sedalia, says reports have reached there that the notorious Younger brothers, who are supposed to have been engaged in the Iowa railroad train robbery some months ago, were attacked, Tuesday at Monagar Springs, St. Clair county, in that State, by a party of detectives, and a desperate conflict ensued, in which one of the Younger brothers and two detectives were killed.

A special despatch to Pittsburg from Petrolia states a tank containing 12,000 barrels of oil on Trautman's farm, near that place, was struck by lightning and the oil set on fire. The fire was soon extinguished, and the oil is being pumped from the tank. The loss will be slight.

A terrific hurricane, accompanied by thunder, lightning, and rain, passed over Cairo, Illinois, on 18, causing considerable destruction to property. The centre of the storm seems to have passed south of Cairo, as the wires work as usual north, and no damages are reported from that direction.

In the case of a liquor dealer named Morrow, in Warren county, Ohio, who had petitioned the Court of Common Pleas against the women crusaders praying and singing in front of his saloon, Judge Smith decided that not only would an action for damages lie, but that a court of equity would interfere to prevent any such infringement upon the rights of others.

Dr. Paul Schoeppe was again brought before Judge Brown, of Baltimore, yesterday morning on a writ of habeas corpus. An immense throng was around and in the court-house. A police officer from Chicago arrived and made oath that Schoeppe, alias Schulenberg, was charged with forgery in Chicago of various checks; also, in attempting to forge. He identified the prisoner. After arguments of counsel pro and con, Judge Brown remanded Schoeppe to jail to await a reasonable time for the requisition of the Governor of Illinois, which is now coming.

THE BENGAL FAMINE.

The following telegram from the viceroy of India has been received by the Home Goverment:

Area of probable severe distress now well ascertained; comprises parts of districts of Tirhoot, Sarun, Chumparum, Bhagulpore, Purneah, Dinagepore. Expect at the worst period to have something under 3,000,000 persons on the hands of Government in these districts for three months, from end May to end of August. A smaller number during April, May and September, and still fewer in March, October and November. There will be distress in nine other districts, but it will not be general.

Orders of Government rice amount to 420,000 tons, of which 350,000 from beyond sea. Of this quantity 100,000 arrived. We have been keeping up for some while a constant stream of from 2,000 to 2,500 tons a day into distressed districts. Private trade is bringing in grain from Northwest and Punjab at the rate of about 1,000 tons a day. Local transport, which has been the main difficulty, now fairly well organized. Over 50,000 carts now employed in districts north of Ganges, under contracts to bringing in Government grain, will shortly be increased to 70,000

Farm, Garden and Household.

Household Recipes.

MILK STAINS.—Milk stains on serge dresses may be removed by steeping the part in warm water.

CUP CAKE.—One cup of butter; four eggs; two cups of milk; three cups of sugar; one teaspoonful of soda; five cups of flour.

TO HAVE CORNED BEEF JUICY.—After it is cold, and not dry as a chip, put it into boiling water, when it is put on to cook, and do not take it out of the pot, when done, until cold.

CHARLESTON PUDDING.—Four cups of flour, sifted, with one teaspoonful of soda and two of cream tartar; beat six eggs with three cups of sugar, one cup of butter, and one of cream in them, and gently stir in the flour.

WAFFLES.—One quart of flour, one pint of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, four eggs, a piece of butter the size of a large egg, and a little salt. Bake in waffle irons. Sour cream and less butter improves them.

PUMPKIN PIES.—Pare the pumpkin, grate it, and add sugar and ginger to taste, and milk enough to make it of the proper consistency. Then line your tins with pie crust, put in your pumpkin, and bake in the ordinary way.

BUTTERMILK PUDDING.—Two eggs, two cups of sugar, half a cup of butter, one teaspoonful of soda sifted in two cups of flour, three cups of buttermilk; stir the flour in lightly. It can be turned out.

EGG CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one egg, a piece of butter the size of an egg, one cup of sour milk, one tablespoonful of soda, a little salt and nutmeg, one tablespoonful of lemon, three cups of flour; beat the white of egg separately, the sugar and yolk and butter together; bake in a thoroughly heated oven.

Manuring for Vegetables.

J. B. Root, a successful market gardener of Rockford, Ill., states in the *Fruit Recorder* that he applies to his ground heavily in winter, broadcast, at the rate of forty loads per acre, well rotted manure, so that the soluble food is leached out and is at hand in the soil for the young vegetables in spring. In no other way can he make the same amount of manure tell so well, and he is never delayed a day in getting his manure out in spring before planting. This practice of winter manuring is becoming more and more appreciated, and possesses many advantages; and although especially useful when applied to grass for inverting as sod in spring, we have long since found it efficacious when used on mellow or worked soil. Fresh manure may be used in this way to better advantage than in the common mode of application, inasmuch as all the soluble parts are carried down and more finely diffused among the particles of the soil than can be done mechanically with the finest compost; while the coarse litter which remains, may be either left as mulch, spaded in, or raked off, as may be most advisable.

How to Make Grafting Wax.

Thomas Matteson, McKean county, Penn., writes: "Take two parts mutton tallow, three parts beeswax; melt the tallow first, and put the beeswax and resin into it. When it is all melted, stir it all up and pour it into cold water and work it over. If there are lumps in it, mash them with your thumb and finger. The longer you work it the more sticky it grows. When it begins to stick to your hands put some tallow on them. Work it till it is all sticky as you want it. Put in a tin pan with a cover to it, and it will keep for a number of years. I think it is as good as sticking salve to put on any sores. Some people put in more tallow than they put in resin or beeswax, to make it softer to work in cold weather; but if there is too much tallow in it, it will melt and run out in warm weather. I have had about forty years' experience in grafting, and used a number of sorts of grafting wax. Some people put in hot water, and make more trouble than there is need of. I wet my finger with my tongue, and don't find any difficulty in putting the wax on the end of the graft.

Drying Off Cows.

A Vermont farmer says that at the period of drying off cows he has found, particularly with such cows as are in the highest condition, that clotted milk is very apt to collect in one or perhaps all the quarters of the bag, after milking has been discontinued, and sometimes even much later, after I have supposed the flow of milk to be entirely arrested and the bag quite dry. As this accretion goes on, unless the collected matter is withdrawn, the hardened, inflammation, stagnation and putrefaction of the contents, results. I make no question but that neglect of this matter is the cause of permanent mischief to the udder, and particularly of that contracted condition of the tunnels which regulate the passage of the milk from the bag into the teat, a condition discovered not unfrequently, and will surprise as well as regret when the cows come into milk in the spring, and which ever after renders the milking of such cows very irksome."

Composition of Milk.

Prossessor Boedeker has analyzed the milk of a healthy cow at various times of the day, with the view of determining the changes in the relative amount of its constituents. He found that the solids of the evening's milk (13 per cent.) exceeded those of the morning's milk (11 per cent.) while the water contained in the fluid was diminished from 89 to 87 per cent. The fatty matters gradually increase as the day progresses; in the morning they amount to 2.17 per cent., at noon to 2.61 per cent., and in the evening to 3.42 per cent.; so that if 16 ounces of morning's milk will yield nearly half an ounce of butter, about double this quantity can be obtained from the evening's milk. The casein is also increased in the evening's milk from 2.24 to 2.70 per cent.; but the albumen is diminished from 0.44 per cent. to 0.31 per cent. Sugar is least abundant at midnight (4.13 per cent.) and most plentiful at noon (4.72 per cent.) The percentage of the salts undergoes almost no change at any time of the day.

French Beef.

Take a circular piece from the round (having removed the bone), and trim it nicely from the fat, skin, etc. Then lard it all over with long slips of fat pork or bacon. The piece from whence the bone was taken must be filled with a forcemeat, made of minced suet, grated bread-crumbs, sweet marjoram rubbed fine, and grated lemon peel; add a little salt and pepper. Tie a tape closely round the outside of the beef, to keep it compact and in shape. Put it into a broad earthen jar with a cover; or into an iron bake-oven. Add some whole pepper, a large onion, a bunch of sweet herbs, three bay leaves, a quarter of a pound of butter, divide into small bits (each piece rolled in flour), and half a pint of claret or port wine. Bake or stew it thus in its own liquor, for five, six or seven hours, (in proportion to its size), for it must be thoroughly done, quite tender, and brown all through the inside.

Brilliant Success.

It is permitted to few men or companies to achieve acknowledged superiority in any important position or business. The present generation has witnessed stupendous rivalry in several branches of industry, and notably the Sewing Machine business. Amid a multitude of competitors, steadily and surely the Wheeler & Wilson Company held their way from the beginning, upon fixed and honorable principles. Long since, their leading position in America was established. Abroad, at London, in 1862, they won the highest premiums; at Paris, in 1867, they distanced eighty-two competitors, and were awarded the highest premium, the only Gold Medal for Sewing Machines exhibited; and lastly, amid unparalleled competition, followed the splendid triumphs at Vienna, noted in our advertising columns.

Lot's wife got into a pretty pickle.

From Want of Bread.

"At the close of a bitter cold day
When the snow on the frozen ground lay,
A poor woman's child
With a face wan and mild,
In a garret was passing away.

Gaunt hunger,
Dread hunger,
Had stolen the bloom from his cheek,
And his mother sat there,
With a look of despair,
To catch what her darling might speak.

"Come closer dear mother," he said,
"And lay your soft hand on my head,
And tell me once more
Of that other bright shore,
Where we never shall hunger for bread."

"Rest, darling,
Peace, darling,
She raised him to lull him to rest,
And she hushed the soft hair
From his forehead so fair,
But he died as he lay on her breast.

The morning broke joyous and clear,
'Twas the first of the opening year,
But the shouts of gay boys,
And the carols of noise,
Fell unheard on that poor mother's ear.

Oh! hear it
Ye wealthy, well cloaked, and well fed,
In that season of joy,
A mother and boy,
Had perished for the want of bread."

JOHN'S CHOICE.

Peter Jansen was a wealthy and eccentric New England farmer. The owner in fee simple of many broad and fertile acres of available land, and the proud parent of a very promising son, now near grown, who in his infancy had been designated by the not altogether unheard of name of John.

Now John Jansen had been brought up in a very careful and proper manner, and it was therefore not to be wondered at that, as he grew more mature, that he was regarded as a very exemplary young man by those who knew him intimately. He was sober and industrious in his habits, cultivated and refined in his tastes, with disposition to get along and prosper in the world, as his father had done before him.

But the time came when he was one and twenty. This is a remarkable epoch in the lives of most young men, when fully freed from parental restraint by the construction of the law, they think they know so much, and consequently learn that they know so little.

Now possibly Peter the poor regarded this event in his son's life with as great concern as did John the junior, for certain it is, that shortly thereafter he summoned the young man into his presence for a little private conversation.

"Well, John," he said, "how does it seem to be one and twenty?"

"Seem! why I can't see as it seems any different from any other time."

"Can't, eh? O, well you'll see quick enough, I guess. I suppose the next thing you'll be thinking of will be getting married."

"O, I hadn't thought of such a thing yet in earnest."

"Hadn't, eh? well, you'd better be thinking; getting married is about as important a thing as'll ever happen to you."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Suppose so? suppose so? you'll know so by and by. Well, John, you're old enough to begin to think seriously about this matter. I ain't going to have you running around unsettled and unsteady in your habits and character. Now, the quicker you pick you out a wife and settle down, the better. Mind you, my boy, this wasting three or four of the best years of your life in sowing your wild oats, is a very foolish principle for young men to adhere to. Now, I don't propose to have you do anything of the kind, and if you avoid it you won't have a harvest of briars and thistles to gather in afterwards. Now, just as soon as you will pick you out a good, prudent, and industrious little wife, I've a good farm to give you, and enough to set you up in reasonable shape, you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'll not say more to you, nor a penny of mine shall you possess until you have complied with my wishes."

"But, father"

"I mean what I say, exactly, and no more nor less; this matter your first business particularly with such cows as are in the highest condition, that clotted milk is very apt to collect in one or perhaps all the quarters of the bag, after I have supposed the flow of milk to be entirely arrested and the bag quite dry. As this accretion goes on, unless the collected matter is withdrawn, the hardened, inflammation, stagnation and putrefaction of the contents, results. I make no question but that neglect of this matter is the cause of permanent mischief to the udder, and particularly of that contracted condition of the tunnels which regulate the passage of the milk from the bag into the teat, a condition discovered not unfrequently, and will surprise as well as regret when the cows come into milk in the spring, and which ever after renders the milking of such cows very irksome."

"But this is rather sudden."

"That makes no difference, if you are not satisfied with my terms, the world is wide enough, for both of us, I'm big enough and bright enough to learn your way of living, if you can do better by yourself than I can for you, why, start right out in the world, for I'll not support you any longer. I have stated my terms, and I do not propose to have them"

"But who shall I marry?"

"There's Israel Ives's five daughters, and I suppose you can have your pick out of them. They've all been well brought up, and any one of them good enough for you, so go ahead and as soon as you report favorably, the farm is yours."

"But which one shall I take, father?"

"Which one shall you take," repeated Peter Jansen, "it must be a bright one, surely, that cannot decide at sight what woman to pick out of a dozen, and a singular youth you are not to have your eyes on one already. How ever, make your own choice, and you'll be happier, live longer, and prosper better in your domestic affairs generally."

With these comforting remarks, the fond father turned away, and left his son to his reflections.

Now the latter had never as yet a grave thought in his head for a moment of the kind, and if you would have asked him a question of this nature he would have been utterly confounded, but he was very different and bashful. It was this quality of his disposition that made him so adverse to ladies society, and had occasioned no little anxiety to old Peter, who had already begun to fear that John would be a confirmed bachelor, hence his desire to kindly assist John's matrimonial matters along.

For some moments after his father's exit, John sat profoundly thinking; he believed he did have an unexplainable sort of tenderness for the youngest daughter of Israel Ives. If not strictly beautiful, she was at least a very smart, pretty girl, and would make a practical housekeeper. John had but little sentiment in her composition; her features were more matter of fact. The mere John thought of matrimony, the more fixed became his determination of soon putting himself as soon as possible.

A night or two subsequent to this conversation with his father, it was announced that he attired himself with unusual care before going out, as he intended to attend the "debating society." His father and mother regarded each other significantly, as if they well understood what was uppermost in John's mind, but they gave the young man no intimation that they suspicioned his intentions.

After a last lingering look at the looking-glass, John started forth into the darkness, taking the shortest road possible to the residence of Israel Ives.

He soon came to the place he intended visiting. A bright light gleamed out through the front windows, with welcoming beams, and he fancied he could see smiling faces there, yet his heart thumped so very singularly under his shining satin vest that it was several minutes before he could make up his mind to knock at the door; he walked up and down the road past the place several times, to calm himself, and to think over the words he proposed saying when in the presence of Miss Ives.

At last he turned in at the gate, and walking boldly up to the front door, he made his presence suddenly known to the Ives family, by means of the friendly assistance of the heavy brass knocker.

Israel Ives came to the door, with a flaring candle in his hand; he gave a sudden little start of surprise upon recognizing his visitor.

"Why! John," he said, "is this you?"

"Is Miss Ives at home?" said John, nervously, forgetting in his sudden embarrassment to designate the particular Miss Ives he wished to see.

"Certainly, certainly," replied Israel, smiling mischievously, "walk right into the parlor and sit down and she will come in presently."

Leaving his hat upon the rack in the hall, John did as he was bid; he sat down upon the outer edge of the chair and awaited the young lady's coming. He heard several suppressed giggles in the adjoining room, and a subdued suggestion upon the part of Israel that they had best not to act silly and foolish. Then the door opened, and in sailed Miss Sophrony Ives, followed by Patience, Priscilla, Malvina and Lucy Ives, each simultaneously smiling and trying to look as sweet and pretty as possible. They advanced one by one and gave down a greeting, after which they arranged themselves in a graceful group about him, then began the liveliest conversation John had ever listened to. He began to grow uneasy and to lose his self-possession. This was rather more Miss Ives than he had anticipated meeting.

At last a sudden idea occurred to him.

"Girls," he said, "do any of you play and sing?"

The young ladies all suddenly giggled.

"Sometimes," said Miss Sophrony, with a sly glance at her sisters.

"Suppose we have a game then," said John earnestly.

Several handkerchiefs were simultaneously produced, and before John was aware he was in midnight darkness.

"But you must be blinded to play Lucy," said Miss Malvina, "it always makes it livelier to have two, you know."

So Miss Lucy's sight was temporarily deserted in the same manner that John's had been.

Then the word "ready" was given, and without a word of warning Sophrony, Patience, Priscilla and Malvina noiselessly glided from the room.

For awhile John and Lucy groped innocently about them, each failing to find the objects they sought; at last John spoke.

"Lucy, where are you all?" he said helplessly.

No answer came to his question from those he was seeking.

"John," said Lucy, "I believe they're imitating."

Just at that moment the two approached each other with their hands extended, and they were each suddenly clasped in each other's arms. This was a sensation so new to John that it almost deprived him of articulation.

"O, is it you, John," said Lucy, "I do believe they're fooling us."

She suddenly removed the bandage from her eyes, and the next moment John felt her soft little fingers untying the knot in the handkerchief that was bound about his head.

"Look a here, Lucy," she said in a half provoked sort of a way, just see what trick they've played us now. I might have known what they were up to. Never mind, we'll have a real pleasant visit now."

They sat down side by side on the high-backed sofa, and Lucy talked so pleasantly and encouragingly to John that he soon felt perfectly at home. He was almost astonished at his self possession. The minutes lengthened into hours, and, well, he never could fully explain how it was afterwards, but the fact was that Lucy promised him that she would be Mrs. John Jansen whenever he was ready to claim her as his own, and John went home that night very proud and happy, and on the following morning he informed his astonished father that he was now ready to farm on his own hook.

Peter Jansen kept his word, and John was offered nothing greatly heard to say that if it hadn't been for Israel's five daughters he would hardly have known how to have made a choice.

Origin of the Dollar Mark.

A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* has a curious paper on the origin of the dollar symbol $. In brief, his theory is that the two parallel upright marks may be traced back to the pillars of Hercules, and the S like figure to the scroll entwined around them. According to tradition, when the Ivy race of Spain, and founded the ancient city of Cadiz, now Cadiz, Melcarthus, the leader of the expedition, set up two pillars in memory of the event, over which was built a temple of Hercules. As the temple increased in wealth, the pillars were covered by offerings, while the two pillars, one on each side of the temple, were joined by a scroll, which Charles V. afterward adopted as the symbol of his empire, and placed it on the coat of arms which he granted to the city of Cadiz. The Spanish pound sterling was originally the value of a piece of silver bullion, which bore the impression of the pillars and scroll, and was current in Spain and Spanish America. The Spanish dollar, or piece of eight, is a coin of the same origin, and bears the same impression. The Spanish dollar was accepted very early in our history as the unit of value, and retained its place as the money of account of the United States after the adoption of the Constitution, when the present system of decimal coinage was established. The dollar mark, therefore, is a modification of the figure 8, which represents the Spanish piece of eight, or dollar, and the two upright marks are the pillars of Hercules, with the scroll entwined around them.

Fortune Made by a Waistcoat.

Some people have a fancy for the strangest things. This taste was more common in my young days than it is now. Stirring public events were apt to be celebrated by patterns of materials to meet the popular fancy. I remember that the capture of Mauritius, at the close of 1810, was followed by the fashion of wearing waistcoats speckled over with small figures shaped like that island. It was a galling thing for the French prisoners of war on parole to be instructed with these demonstrations. At a party, fancy ornamented waistcoats have been the fashion for generations. George Prince of Wales, while Regent, was fitted for his adhesion for this rich variety of waistcoats, and thereby hangs a tale. His royal highness had an inordinate desire for a waistcoat of a particular kind, for which he could distinguish from a piece of stuff insufficient in dimensions. It was a French material, and could not be matched in England. The war was raging, and to procure the requisite quantity of stuff from Paris was declared to be impracticable. At this juncture one of the princes's attendants interposed. He said he knew a Frenchman, M. Bazalgette, carrying on business in one of the obscure streets of London, who, he was certain, would undertake to proceed to Paris and bring away what was wanted. This obliging tailor was forthwith commissioned to do his best to procure the requisite material. Finding that a chance had occurred for distinguishing himself and laying the foundation of his fortune, the Frenchman resolved to make the attempt. It was a hazardous affair, for there was no regular communication with the coast of France, unless for letters under a cartel. Yet Bazalgette was not daunted. If he could only land safely in a boat, all would be right. This, with some difficulty and manœuvring, he effected. As a pretended return home to his own country, he was allowed to land and proceed to France. Joyfully he was able to procure the quantity of material required for the Prince Regent's waistcoat; and not less joyfully did he manage to return to London with the precious piece of stuff wrapped around his person. The waistcoat was made, and so was the tailor's fortune and that of his family. *Robert Chambers.*

Swarms of Locusts.

The following historical facts will give an idea of the enormous magnitude sometimes attained by migrating swarms of insects. After the defeat of Poltava, while retreating through Bessarabia, Charles XII's army was marching through a defile, when suddenly the noon and horses were brought to a halt, a swarm of locusts being precipitated from a thick cloud which intercepted the light of the sun. The coming of the locusts was heralded by a whizzing sound like that which precedes a storm of wind, and the noise of their wings and of their bodies as they clashed together was greater than the roar of breakers on the sea shore. One Leadlam saw at Philippeville, Algeria, a cloud of locusts twenty to twenty-five miles in length, which, when it descended to the earth, formed a layer over an inch in thickness. Toward the close of the year 1864, the cotton plantations of Senegal were destroyed, and a living cloud was seen to pass over the country from morning till night; the rate at which it moved showed that it was at least fifty miles long, and this was the vanguard, for when the sun went down a still denser cloud was moving on. The French traveler, Barrow, states that in South Africa, the year 1797, these insects covered the ground to the extent of two square miles, and that, having been driven by the wind toward the sea, they formed a drift near the coast nearly four feet in depth, and fifty miles long. After the wind changed, the stench of their putrefying carcasses was recognized at the distance of one hundred and fifty miles.

REST IS OLD AGE.—I covet rest neither for myself nor my friends so long as we are able to work; but when age or weakness comes on, and hard labor becomes an unendurable burden, then the necessity to work is deeply painful, and it seems to imply an evil state of society wherever such a necessity generally exists. One's old age should be tranquil, as one's old age should be playful; headwork at either extremity of human existence seems to me out of place. The morning and the evening should be alike peaceful; at mid-day, the sun may burn, and men may labor under it.

When is a singer like a price list? When he is in voice.

XLIIId CONGRESS.

SENATE.

MR. CONKLING, of N. Y. introduced a bill to provide for deductions from the terms of United States prisoners etc. Reads twice. Deductions of five days from each month for which no charges of misconduct shall have been entered against the said prisoners for the term and treatment of United States prisoners shall be allowed.

The Senate resumed the consideration of the resolution offered by Mr. Bayard, on the 9th inst., declaring that the Senate has confidence in the integrity and patriotism of Mr. Bayard, and that the members of the Committee of Conference on the part of the Senate, appointed to consider the question of the counting of the electoral votes, have performed their duties in the premises with fidelity to the Constitution and the laws, and with honor to themselves.

Mr. Bayard said: [illegible]

Mr. Thurman said: [illegible]

Mr. Edmunds said: [illegible]

Mr. Bayard said: [illegible]

Mr. Thurman